

A
HINTERLAND
SETTLEMENT

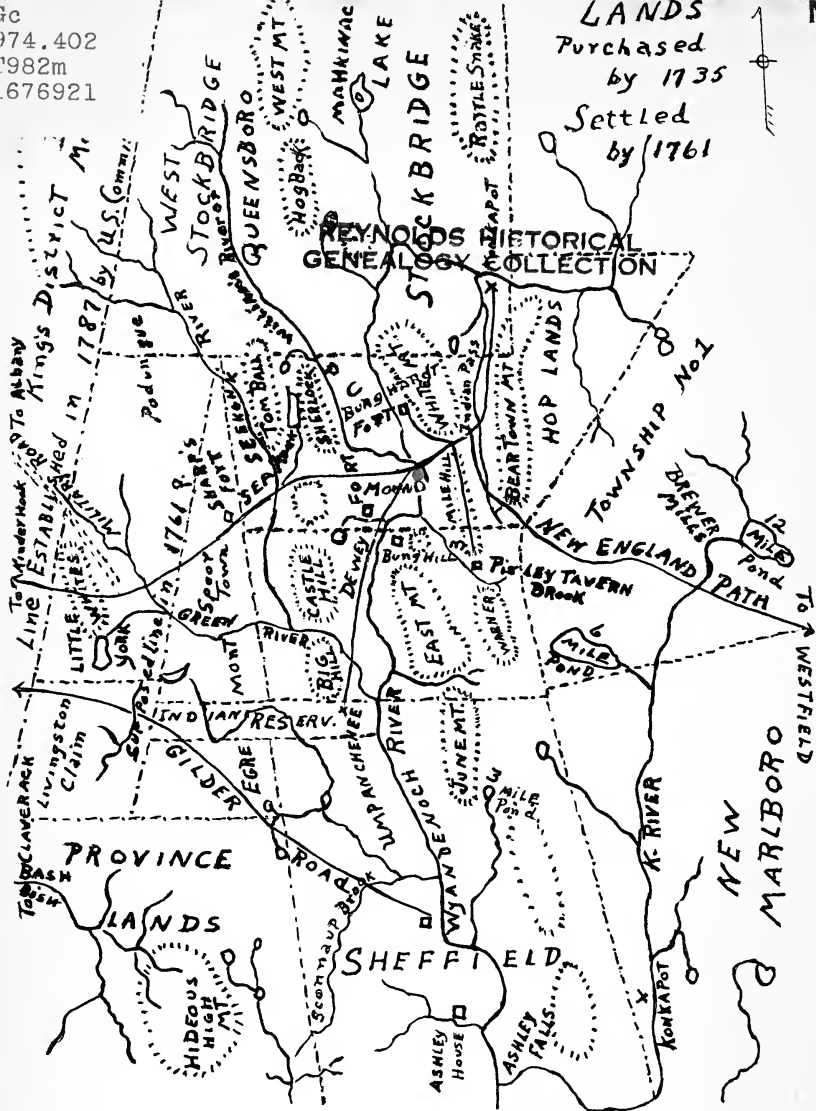
TYRINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS
AND BORDERING LANDS

BY
ELOISE MYERS

74.402
982m
676921

LANDS
Purchased
by 1735
Settled
by 1761

M. L.



This Indian Map, made by Robert H. Beckwith, from a very early map filled in with points of interest from his extensive study of Early Berkshire. Township No. I was first known as Brewer's Mills. The Indian Cairn at the Southeast base of White Mt. or Na-wab-hi-si, Indian name for Monument, marks the location of the Indian Pass on the New England Path or Great Indian Fur Trail. The truncated pyramid or mound is centrally located.

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*This book
is lovingly dedicated to the
memory of my mother whose
sympathetic understanding
encouraged me in the idea
of such a project.*

FOREWORD

Tyringham is unique in two ways: First, its records are complete and bound, beginning Oct. 6, 1737 when the Proprietors met in Watertown at the Inn of Thomas Harrington and chose Rev. William Williams as Moderator and Nath'l Harrington as Clerk and Treas.; Second, this is the only town in the world so named.

Statistics and history can prove dull and dry. I have injected some old-time stories and characters for spice and moisture and yet kept the work as authentic as possible. My wish is that this book may, in some small measure, express the pleasure that this adventure into the past has brought to me.

My source material consisted of town records, old letters and documents, grandmother's scrap books and diaries, besides many entrancing evenings spent at the feet of old-timers, long since gone.

To the following, now living, I extend my deep appreciation for their patience and help: Miss Carolyn Canon, Miss Beulah Cannon, Norman Day, Arnold and Alice Hale, Miss Florence Jones, Mrs. Bertha Newhall, Librarian Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Marie Bidwell Leuchs, Pittsfield's Historical Room Librarian and above all, to Rev. Franklin Couch for relieving me of much responsibility toward the book's publication.

E.S.M.

Second Edition

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A HINTERLAND SETTLEMENT

by

Eloise Myers

CHAPTER I—HOUSATONIC TOWNSHIP NO. I

Berkshire County, a wilderness of formidable rocky hills and treacherous swamps, buffeted by contention between the Dutch in the Hudson River valley and the English who already controlled the Connecticut valley, was long delayed in its settlement. The new road from Westfield to Sheffield had at last penetrated the wilderness. Inducements were set forth for the development of this new territory—Housatonic Township No. 1, (the present Monterey and Tyringham) was open for settlement.

Under direction of the Great and General Court at Boston, a few men met together Mar. 10, 1728 and again July 25, 1737 and chose a committee of five to lay out 60 lots and 3 public lots in the township. The first public lot was reserved for a settled minister, the second for the second settled minister and the third for a mill. The first meeting recorded was held at an Inn at Watertown Oct. 6, of that year. For twelve years thereafter the original proprietors or grantees conducted meetings on affairs of the town twice or more annually in Watertown, Westboro, Worcester or Waltham, mostly in the latter. In a sense one might call these pioneering men, "land speculators", for some of the same families took up lots in other townships or more in the same. Evidently the demand was greater than expected for in the meeting of Dec. 20, 1737, the Proprietors were asked what to do about the last act or resolves of the General Court regarding the admittance of seven more lots. Consequently, early the next year seven more names were added to the original sixty-proprietor-list.

The committee made their reports and presented plans and specifications for the settlers. First, a man had to give a bond to the General Court, then agree to "build and furnish a dwelling house upon his lot 18 foot square X 7 foot stud at least" and within five years "to improve five acres either by plowing or mowing or planting same with English grass" and actually live upon the spot.

The mill lot of 75 acres more or less, was offered to any man who would build a mill thereon. This establishment of a mill was of great importance and necessary before the real migration started. Sam'l Bond accepted the offer but in a month or so changed his mind. Then Thomas Slaton took it over. In a few days he gave it up. By then the proprietors decided to make certain changes in their rules and regulations. They voted to tax each proprietor 1£ 10s. to pay for the mill.

Encouraged by this, John Brewer of Hopkinton appeared in the summer of 1739, signed the agreement and took the grant to build a sawmill in six months. He promised "to keep it in good repair and saw as cheap for ten years"; also to build a gristmill in two and one half

years. Brewer proved a hustler. The next year he carted a pair of millstones from the "east" at his own expense and a gristmill was added to the first industry located on the stream flowing from Twelve Mile Pond, now Lake Garfield.

Second in importance was a suitable house for worship of God and to settle an orthodox minister in the town and "provide for him an honorable pulpit"; then set aside a lot for a school.

About this time it appears that some had discovered the undesirable condition of their lot and asked for restitution. So it was agreed by vote that any dissatisfied proprietor should have the privilege, within a year, to draw for another "not to exceed 45 acres in some other part of the township, excluding lands called the *Hop Lands or Swamp* lying upon the brook called Hop Brook, yet to be surveyed".

At the meeting in Waltham, in the spring of 1740, it was voted to build a Meeting House in Township No. 1 and "assess the proprietors therefor 10 shillings each toward procuring boards to be sawed and to be seasoning for three months". John Brewer and Thomas Slaton were appointed to "get boards for the outside covering and sufficient good white pine for the inside work". But threat of war with France and possibly Spain delayed the matter. However, each proprietor was assessed ten more shillings for "the obtaining of some suitable person for the preaching of the gospel to those proprietors residing in the township. They are desired to have a particular care to have such supply at the fall of the year when a greater number of proprietors are expected to be there".

Two years later they decided that the Meeting House "be erected with all convenient speed, of 25 foot square and 9 foot stud, to be well covered and mellowed and a double floor laid and a convenient desk for the minister and seats for the people". That fall, the population must have increased considerably for at that meeting in Waltham they decided to reconsider their former plans and "increase the size of the building to 34 feet by 40 feet of suitable height for one tier of galleries". They appointed John Brewer, John Brown and Isaac Gearfield (Garfield), a new committee.

Times were so uncertain that another war scare caused further delay in building, so by 1745, in place of the church, forts were built at the dwelling houses of Brewer, Slaton and Watkins. To preserve the frame of structure partly built, they ordered "waterboring the mortices and underpinning, sticking the boards, securing the window frames and all stuff provided for use".

By the next spring, the scare had subsided so it was decided to "proceed to board and shingle the roof and close the mitre boards" just as soon as possible.

Meanwhile itinerant and neighboring preachers administered to the spiritual needs of the residents, for not until five years later was a meeting house finally completed and a resident minister procured.

CHAPTER II—FIRST MINISTERS

Adonijah Bidwell was born in Hartford, Conn. in 1716, after his father, owner and master of the vessel, was lost at sea while returning home from the West Indies. Adonijah graduated from Yale in 1740 and in five years went as chaplain, on a Colony Sloop of War, under Sir William Pepperel, to capture Cape Breton. After that he preached three years in Simsbury, Conn., then for a few months in Kinderhook, N. Y. He came from there to Housatonic Township No. 1 to serve as its first resident minister with only eight members.

It was in May, 1750 that the Proprietors held their first meeting in the township itself. At this time Jonathan Hubbard, Thomas Strong and Samuel Hopkins were appointed to consult three neighboring ministers as to the qualifications of Rev. Adonijah Bidwell, for a minister in the new community was considered an important personage. In one month they reported that Mr. Bidwell was satisfactory in every way. He was accepted and ordained at "a Council Meeting at Township No. 1 in County of New Hampshire, Oct. 3, 1750". Present were the Rev. Messrs. Benjamin Colton, Moderator, Jonathan Hubbard, Thomas Strong, Ebenezer Mix; Deacons James Rewey, Nath'l Harmon and Jonah Pixley. Afterward, each communicant had to pay nine pence to supply the Lord's Table for a year.

And so began thirty-four long turbulent years for the Reverend. A graduate of Yale, a teacher of religion and often of school, he was respected and sought after in many capacities. He formed his own system of shorthand used in writing his sermons. Although these are now in the Pittsfield Athenaeum, no one can read them. His bold distinctive signature is found on legal documents, in letters and in town records, where he held offices. Besides his ministerial duties, he operated a farm and recorded are his sales of beef for the army. He kept a daily record of his various activities. A copy of "Home Book of Adonijah Bidwell" is in Pittsfield Library. In it is found this entry, "Dec. 10, twins of Stephen Heath", over the page is, "Twins of Thomas Robbins, Jr., the 14th pair of twins—more than one twin to 25 single births since 1750". This was the year before his death in 1783. On Nov. 24, 1777, under deaths, he wrote, "Polly Harris, 20th wife of Amos Rice". Oh, Courageous women!

From all these records one can realize his abilities and influence upon this struggling new settlement. What's more, he was a dedicated man for he left the church in Kinderhook, an established, thriving community, to help carve a new township out of a wilderness. During his first years of labor the membership increased to 104 persons.

As often the case, this remarkable man met trouble in the church and in the town for both were closely linked. Separation of church and state had not materialized. The minister's salary was appropriated by the voters and as the town grew so did the demands upon the taxpayers. And too, the years began to lay heavily upon his shoulders and his health weakened. Thus, in time, it proved an easy matter to postpone or cut his salary which varied but never reached beyond 90£.

By 1777 the town was behind on their payments to him. They voted to increase the price of labor and oxen but refused to raise the minister's salary. The next year they tried, by motion, to catch up on his back pay but a strong opposition arose to ask why the Reverend had not been serving the pulpit. Mr. Bidwell stood to reply but was not allowed to give a verbal explanation. They demanded it in writing.

He proved enough for them! Bound in the town records is his reply on three long pages written in a fine, precise longhand, now faded and difficult to read. He asked why the town had not paid him. According to law they had appropriated the money, the taxpayers were assessed and collection made. What was done with it? Why was he assessed a poll tax? Ministers were exempt. He demanded that this letter to them be incorporated and preserved with the town records, to be paid for from the town treasury. His wrath flowed through every sentence. He admonished them in the ways of the Lord, for their unrighteous act would condemn them all to Hell and Damnation. As he wrote, his anger waned for he ended by asking the Lord to forgive them from their sin in depriving the inhabitants of the preaching of the Gospel.

The town replied in a recorded testimony almost as lengthy. In short, the town assessed, according to the law, for support of the Gospel but "the money was used for support of their militia. It was not designed to wrong Mr. Bidwell out of his just due" but supposed that "the affluent circumstances of his family together with the Disposition he had shown to the town of letting sum of his money by, provided he could have interest for same after it had been due one year, might in some way measure for their conduct". They were sorry he left his pulpit as he did. The selectmen were ordered to pay all back salary as soon as possible with interest after being due one year and to say "the town does not approve of Mr. Bidwell being taxed. But—the town does not approve either of the manner in which he left his pulpit, that it was not the best method". And "the town is to have charity for Mr. Bidwell".

The Reverend replied that he was satisfied but would like a raise in salary. They voted in the negative. Local currency being in the doldrums and scarce from the heavy cost of war, the question appeared as to what method they could take for payment. The minister, determined to get his pay, agreed to accept "silver or gold or any equivalent in State or Continental Currency". Also, he would take "48£ of the aforementioned debt in specie in the old way, as wool, flax, clothing and any sort of grain as wheat, rye, Indian corn etc." One wonders how much Continental Currency he received, for in three years, 1781, continental money wasn't "worth a damn".

From this time on, both his health and popularity failed; the membership dropped in numbers, ministers from other churches often filled the pulpit but he continued many of his pastoral duties to the end of his life and received his salary. He died in 1784 and was buried in the Old Center Cemetery, along with the early founders of Housatonic Township No. 1.

DOCUMENT OF HISTORICAL INTEREST

Colony of MASSACHUSETT'S-BAY, 1776.

WE the Subscribers, Do each of us severally for ourselves, profess, testify and declare before GOD and the World, that we verily believe that the War, Resistance and Opposition in which the United American Colonies are now engaged, against the Fleets and Armies of Great-Britain, is on the Part of the said Colonies, just and necessary. And we do hereby severally promise, covenant and engage, to and with every Person of this Colony, who has or shall subscribe this Declaration, or another of the same Tenor and Words: that we will not, during the said War, directly or indirectly, in any Ways, aid, abet or assist, any of the Naval or Land Forces of the King of Great-Britain, or any employ'd by him; or supply them with any Kind of Provisions, Military or Naval Stores, or hold any Correspondence with, or communicate any Intelligence to any of the Officers, Soldiers or Mariners belonging to the said Army or Navy, or enlist, or procure any others to enlist into the Land or Sea-Service of Great-Britain, or take up or bear Arms against this or either of the United Colonies, or undertake to pilot any of the Vessels belonging to the said Navy, or in any other Way aid or assist them: But on the contrary, according to our best Power and Abilities, will defend by Arms, the United American Colonies, and every Part thereof, against every hostile Attempt of the Fleets and Armies in the Service of Great-Britain, or any of them, according to the Requirements and Directions of the Laws of this Colony that now are, or may hereafter be provided, for the Regulation of the Militia thereof

*The 30 Names since then have been
of the Town of Tyngsboro*

John Chadwick
Amos Mansfield
Giles Jackson
Joseph Bond
Joseph Willson
Elijah Warren
Joshua Warren
Samuel Wheelock
Nufus Allen

Ezekiel Howitz
Nathan Hale
Daniel Markham
A. S. A. Alder
Thomas Orton
Thomas Sanford
David Orton

Benjamin Warren
William Hale
Abijah Marrell
Stephen Taylor
William Bentle
Samuel Black
David Russell
Ebenes Chadwick
Isaac Gearfield
Corydon Hall
John Hale
Benja Markham
Daniel Markham
Isaac Gearfield
Amos Northrup

John New + Harkley
Wm. Morgan
Theophilus Jones
Samuel Graves
Benja. Crooks
David Brewer

REV. JOSEPH AVERY

The Rev. Joseph Avery, a native of Stonington, Conn., came from the church in Alford and was installed Feb. 1789. This second resident minister was in hot water from the start. The Hop Brook residents had plans for a church building of their own. They resented that extra mile drive to the new church on Beartown Road. Their tempers were ruffled from all sides and their opinions of this new man were formed before he ever had a chance to prove himself. The stuffy Hop Brookers managed to get rid of paying their taxes for Avery's salary by "Certificating"—that is, by producing certificates of membership in other churches. Those few Avery adherents on the South Tyringham side were compelled to pay his full salary which proved most burdensome. Thus—again, the minister's salary was far in arrears. Rev. Avery brought action against the town which resulted in his favor. His supporters rallied together, paid Avery and formed a fund for the permanent support of the ministry which exists to this day. In 1808 an Article was placed in the Warrant which read, "Shall Rev. Joseph Avery be considered any longer as the minister of the Town". It was a close vote but the opposition won by a majority of six.

The third minister, Rev. Joseph Warren Dow, installed July 10, 1811, was more popular than his predecessor for he served the second church located on Beartown Road, for 22 years. He was a graduate of Harvard and the first to bring the attention of that college to Tyringham residents. He also preached in the Hop Brook Cemetery Church on each alternate Sabbath to the Congregationalists of that section. Elder Hall preached in both churches on the other Sundays. Under Rev. Dow's pastorate, about 1820, the first Sunday School for the children was inaugurated. With his leadership the Society prospered, revivals were held and the membership increased rapidly.

On July 10, 1831, Rev. Dow preached a historical sermon choosing for his text, "Remember the days of Old, Consider the years of many generations: Ask thy father and he will show thee; thine elders and they will tell thee". Deut. 32-7. Excerpts from this sermon follow: "This building was dedicated on July 4, 1798.—In the epidemic of 1814, 50 were swept away. Betsy Garfield and Ruth Mills drowned in Six-Mile Pond (Lake Buel). (A poem was written about Betsy's drowning and set to music which is recorded in the Library of Congress). Abraham Howk died from flesh wounds inflicted by a brother. Orlando C. Curtis and Gideon Hale were killed by accidental discharge of a gun. Edwin Curtis died from the fall of a horse on him; Charles Targee by the blowing up of a powder mill in Lee; William R. Granger by charge of powder which prematurely took fire while blasting rock; Miron Garfield by the fall of a tree; Lewis Wheelock's death was by internal injury received while playing scuffle; Samuel Twing was found dead by the road in consequence of fatigue and inclemency of weather". Deacons under Rev. Dow were John Jackson and Thomas Orton chosen in 1753 and William Hale in 1764. In 1802 David Talcott moved to Williston, Vt. and Nathan Abbot to Pompey, N. Y.; Lester Taylor in 1810 moved to West Stockbridge". Near the close of

his sermon he said, "That company of proprietors and settlers who planted themselves in these hills and valleys made the support of these institutions a fixed and commanding purpose in their lives".

The second church, in which Rev. Dow preached was situated on a spot overlooking the park of houses in what was then the center of town, with an extended view to the south. Larger than Rev. Bidwell's church which stood higher on the mountain, this resembled the church at New Marlborough. There were galleries on each side connecting with the choir loft in the end opposite the pulpit. At first the seats were old style, "shut in" by doors. Later pews replaced them. This meeting house was still used as such for some time after the present Monterey church was dedicated in 1849. But by 1873 this old church was sold at auction for \$430.62 to the Methodist Episcopal Society in Housatonic. The old building, the bell and the flag-stone walk were removed to that village.

CHAPTER III—DIVISION OF THE TOWN

The first Meeting House was situated on the brow of a hill in a field south of the old Carrington House which was the first Manse, still standing in Monterey. It is now the summer home of Jack Hargis and David Brush, recent owners. In 1926 the foundation stones and doorstep of the church were visible when the D.A.R. placed a marble slab to show where the early settlers first worshiped God on the hills of Tyringham. It was a windswept, bleak spot. There is some question as to whether the building was ever quite finished. Town meetings were held there but in winter they more often adjourned to the house of John Chadwick or widow Beulah Jackson, Innholder.

These were a rugged people who settled on this hilltop, faithful to their church, heedless of the weather, on Sundays they filled the pews with only the minister's fervent expostulations and their footstoves to keep them warm. They were progressive too, for about 1774 they decided to take up the "body seats and make pews in their place". They even paid Matthew Dunham and others for building a pew over the women's stairway, so great was the increase in attendance.

As early as 1770 a question appears in the town records regarding location of a spot for another meeting house. A committee was appointed and recommendations made. But like all decisions confronting the town it took many years of bickering and dickering before final action.

Not until 1796 was a second church actually started, a half mile or more to the south, about half way between the two oldest cemeteries. It was close to the manse (Everitt Place) built for the second minister, Rev. Avery. In two years the Meeting House was dedicated. In 1805 the old meeting house was sold to Thomas Rewee and a plot of four acres of the ground to Capt. Ebenezer Chadwick for \$40.

The people in the north section of Tyringham were greatly opposed to this new location, still farther from their homes and with another hill to climb. One historian feels that this was the beginning of the variance which led ultimately to the division of the township. The records prove that petitions made by men from Hop Brook were often "passed over" for the majority vote was from South Tyringham. Especially was this so in winter weather, when many from Hop Brook territory were unable to reach the Meeting House.

After the Church in Hop Brook was built there appeared an even greater trend toward division. There were heated discussions as to where the next meeting should be held. Sextons were appointed and paid for both churches, different men cared for the two cemeteries, "grave cloths" were voted for each, collection of taxes was set up in the north and south parts separately. In April 1847 the climax was reached when a committee heretofore appointed in relation to the division reported and the voters cast 79 ballots. The vote for selectmen proved without choice. Indeed these Hop Brook men were fed up with defeat and now determined to carry the day. It was a crucial question. So they kept on voting, always without choice and with many adjournments until so late they had to close the meeting.

One must have only admiration for this Division Committee, Eli Hale, Sam'l Fargo, Walter Hubbard. What a trying job they had to settle finances, divide lands and do all that went with such an undertaking! Nevertheless, at the next meeting Hop Brook mustered enough votes to win. And so closed the first era of Housatonic Township No. 1.

CHAPTER IV—MEETING HOUSES

It might have been a state law that prompted the voters, in May 1801, to fence in the cemeteries. The committee requested that all able-bodied men turn out on a certain day and bring their rails. They would be allowed \$2. per hundred for the rails. At the old burying ground they were to build a "stone wall with posts and two rails upon the wall", the remainder of the fence to be made of chestnut rails laid "crooked or Virginia fashion", gates were required too. It was reported in 1804 that the new ground in the north part of the town (Hop Brook) had been fenced with white pine boards, nailed upon chestnut posts, burnt and set in the ground. The cost of fencing that ground was \$49.78. All three grounds cost \$175.72.

The first church built in Hop Brook, the present town of Tyringham, was started in 1779, in about the center of the cemetery. Seven years prior to this the burying ground had been taken out of Lot No. 48, containing 72 rods. As near as can be gathered from old records, the residents in this north section of town mostly supported this church themselves, independent of the town appropriations. For in a meeting in 1786 Ezekiel Herrick and others belonging to Hop Brook petitioned for the town to give them either their proportion of public preaching or money granted for that purpose. The vote was negative. First off,

itinerant preachers served, traveling by horseback from hill-town to hill-town, carrying their Bibles and Hymn books in saddlebags. Then the Congregational minister from South Tyringham alternated with the Baptists from neighboring towns, and the Methodists occasionally held meetings before their church was built. It was truly a Union Church.

This was a good-sized building with galleries all around and a tall pulpit with a flight of stairs to reach the entrance. The pews were made with doors and a button to hold them closed. Elder Hall was the pastor and William Stedman the Sunday-school teacher. Elder Hall lived just over the bridge east of the store. One day a man walking up the street saw the Elder's little son plunging his pet lamb in the brook and out. The man asked the boy what he was doing that for. The little fellow replied, "I'm going to make a Baptist of him. He's got to be a Baptist".

In the old "training days" this church was known as the Baptist Meeting House and the militia used the surrounding ground for practice. This was before the extension of the cemetery in 1847. The militia was composed of all able bodied men from age 21 to 45 years and they had to appear with gun, powder horn, priming wire, brush and extra flint. On May 10, 1824 the militia held their annual election of officers which called for a big celebration. The old swivel-cannon was to be fired in honor of the Captain just chosen, so they loaded very heavily to make an extra salute. A large crowd had gathered but some feared the consequences and took shelter inside the church. The cannon burst, driving a piece through the building with such force as to cut off a joist as slick as could a huge knife. The joist, in turn, sliced off the top of young Silas Ward's head, killing him instantly. Several were badly injured and the building was greatly damaged.

Twenty years after this accident the Baptists, undaunted, built a modern church in the village on the site where Richard Fennelly's house stands. Capt. Ezra Heath was the leading man on the building committee. Elder Phippin was the pastor and served from 1845 to '50. Cyrus Heath led the choir succeeded by Milton Garfield; their only musical instrument was a clarinet.

Sunday Schools were well established, many gracious revivals had increased the membership by this year, bringing a pressing need for better facilities for public worship. So, the Methodists, not to be outdone by the Baptists, built the present church in this same year, 1844.

The unfortunate Baptists lost their meeting house by fire on Thanksgiving Day, 1873. The next year carpenters started work on a new building. The contract was let to Messrs. Drown of Monterey and Graham of Lee, they to furnish all material for \$4,500. except the framing which the members donated.

It was tough raising that amount for there were no wealthy members, but they were determined to have their own meeting house even though not as pretentious as the Methodists. A few of the "slips", the cabinet organ, pulpit sofa, carpets, books, blinds and a

portion of the windows were saved; also, the Danforth pewter communion set which rests in a cabinet in to-day's Union Church. Members, in time, felt the pewter set not good enough, so in 1889 Alanson Crittenden presented them with a beautiful five-piece silver set.

The members organized as a society with the Lee Baptist Church in 1878 but when, in 1907, only nine members remained, they dissolved the society as such, leaving the management of its affairs solely with the membership. The Society held its last election of officers in 1898. Three years before, Martin Stedman of Sodom, presented the church with a stone slab, 6 feet by 12 feet, for a stepping stone or horse-block. It was placed on a foundation on the south front corner of the church, directly by the drive that led to the horse sheds in the rear. They held a dedicative service; a choir of 12 and the organ sat on the block, along with the speakers. Dr. Joseph Jones was president of the occasion, Rev. J. D. Pope, the pastor, and Rev. Heroy of the Methodist responded to the presentation speech made by Mr. Stedman. Afterwards, the audience of fifty went to the parsonage next door for refreshments. This slab is all that remains of the Baptist property.

Meanwhile, in 1825 the Reformed Methodists formed a society in the Hop Brook section of Tyringham. The next year, Elnathan Pratt, Jr. and Nathan Rowley were appointed a standing committee with Hamlin Clark, as agent, to purchase land for a meeting house. Subscriptions were solicited from the residents. One half might be paid in cash and one half in labor or material. A majority vote was to govern. Each person was entitled to one vote for every five dollars subscribed. In the following list of donors are names long identified with the town and some of their descendants are now residents.

Hamlin Clark	\$100.	Lyman Brown	\$20.
John W. Sweet	100.	Sidney Sweet	5.
Widow Nancy Clark	50.	Thomas Ward	5.
Nathan Rowley	50.	Eli Hale	5.
Arvin Miller	50. —	E. Garfield	5.
Ashael Miller	20. —	Solomon Garfield	5.
Willard Miller	30.	Elnathan Pratt, Jr.	10.
Willard Brown	10.	Hiram Clark	25.
— Amon F. Couch	5.	Joshua Claffin	5.
Whiting Ayers	5.	Ela Morey	3.
Samuel Brown	15.	William Heath	5.
Samuel Brown, Jr.	15.	James Sweet	10.
William Russell	10.	Ira Brown, 1M Brick and	5.
— William Stedman	5.	Lyman Webster	5.
Ezra Heath	5.	Eliador Parker	5.
Milton Cushman	15.	Amos Heath	5.

Total \$608.

At the same time a Manifesto was drawn up stating that it was the "duty of Man to Worship God, to whom the earth and its fruits belong. Also, his duty is to set aside for His service a portion of what has been given him".

The building committee consisted of John W. Sweet, Arvin Miller and Nathan Rowley. These men signed a contract with Sidney A. Sweet for \$600. The agreement specified that the building should be 26 feet wide and 36 feet long with 12 foot posts, arched windows but no galleries. The outside to be painted white, the inside in all respects similar to the meeting house in Winsted, Conn.

However, considerable controversy arose, complaints that one end of the building was painted red, according to old custom, that the builder had put in only two arched windows and used American glass instead of English glass as designated. It was finally voted to accept the building provided the contractor would deduct the difference in cost of glass, cover up the red paint and give the sides another coat. A parishioner who remembered the building said it was a small plain structure with movable seats with backs. There was preaching only once in two or three weeks, it being a circuit at that time.

Phineas Rice was presiding Elder and old time Methodists abominated church bells and instrumental music. But certain progressives proposed to strengthen the choir with a violin. Quarterly meeting came and the Elder was in his place when soft sounds of tuning fell upon his ears. Rising, he said, "Let us begin the worship of God by fiddling and singing the hymn in which occurs the lines—

O may my heart in tune be found,
List David's harp of solemn sound.

There was, for many years thereafter, no violin in that choir.

This building was in use about eighteen years, then sold to Hiram Clark who took it down. Much of the material and the doorway was ultimately used to erect the house back of the present church. At one time this was used for the parsonage. Mike Winters now owns it. Organized as a Reformed Methodist, it later was changed to Methodist Episcopal. The difference was in the management—the Reformed was controlled by the congregation while the Episcopal came under a Bishop.

The present church, built in 1844, is by far the best and most attractive ever constructed in the town. In fact, some years ago, a national magazine mentioned that from an architectural standpoint the Tyringham Church was the most perfect in the County. The original deed shows that the land was purchased from Enos Northrup for \$125. current money. This consisted of about a half acre extending between the road leading past the old Congregational-Baptist Meeting House and the new County Road. It was agreed that the Proprietors "shall build a good and substantial fence between the said premises and said Northrup's land and keep the same in good repair hereafter and forever". Hiram Clark, John Sweet, Fred Cone and Heman

Cargill composed the building committee. Cargill and his son, William, took down the fences which let the two streets together and began scraping down the sand hill for the foundation, working alone for about a week. Porter was the contractor.

Until 1847 this Methodist Church was not mentioned in the minutes of the Conference. It formed an inner circle with South Lee and Hartsville. At this time the Conference sent Rev. Josiah Dickenson to be in charge. Daniel Heath was chorister and John Cargill played the bass viol. Orphimia Clark played the melodeon and Lenthial Tinker and Gilbert Northrup sang.

Town meetings began in the basement of this church March 31, 1848. It was offered to the town for the following considerations: the town to pay the trustees \$150. cash each year and in all cases they shall leave the house as clean and in as good repair as they find it. The town to be to one half the expense of keeping the natural decay of basement in repair. Town meetings here became just as contentious and explosive as they were in the first meeting house at Old Center. The hotter the arguments grew, the thicker the smoke became! These and the one wood stove kept the voters warm. When Garfield's mill was converted to the Town Hall, the town moved their meetings down there in 1907.

The basement of the church was also the center for young and old to meet for entertainment. In contrast to our present movies, radio and TV, the Virginia Reel, Blind Man's Buff, Who'll Be The Reaper, Who'll Be The Binder, or Drop The Handkerchief were played and kept the waistline trim. Sometimes a play was produced, a colored wedding portrayed or The Family Album shown. And once a year a Donation for the minister was conducted which brought a feast for his family to replace his meager fare the rest of the year.

Rev. D. Lull preached in 1859 and 46 years later he remembered how slow his pay was in coming, how one time he and his wife and two children had but little in the house to eat and no money. Somehow, their condition leaked out and one late afternoon a wagon drove up to his door loaded with flour, fruit, vegetables, butter, spareribs, eggs, maple syrup and best of all, a beautiful specimen of a 30-lb. Berkshire ham, pickled and ready for a smoke. Ham and eggs, how their mouths watered! Before supper the ham was in a barrel with a cloud of smoke rising from the head . . . "After the evening meal", he said, "I hastened to the barrel, when lo, the ham was gone but the barrel was in its place. The ham could not have removed itself, I concluded, some human thieves had stolen it".

While Rev. Robert Elsdon was pastor in 1880, a new bell was hung in the belfry. On July 4th of the previous year the old bell had become cracked and "shorn of its sweet music". He said the Fourth was alright but a little too much young American energy on the rope was more than the old bell could take. Elsdon's name is molded on the new bell.

Just before the Civil War Rev. Alexander McLean was active in the Prohibition movement. In later years he wrote how greatly im-

pressed he was when one of his parishioners, Father Hiram Clark, said to him, "I have made more apple jack than would float a man-of-war but now we have more light and my conscience would not allow me to make or sell a single drop". He described Clark as a gravely, humorous man. This must have been about the time that the many cider mills in town began to fold-up.

By 1912 both churches were in a bad way—memberships had dwindled and finances were almost nil. The members realized that Tyringham could not support two churches. Rev. Clay, the pastor in the Lee Baptist church, supplied the pulpit in the local Baptist church and conducted funerals and weddings as called upon. At a church meeting on Aug. 21, of that year the question of Federation was voted upon. Officers from both denominations were elected and Rev. H. G. Wells was called to be pastor. He was a Methodist and this was resented by some Baptists. Quarrels occurred, attendance dropped, the Federation just didn't work. In 1919 Rev. Harold Gould, a Congregationalist came and he helped to organize a Union Church which has lasted. The young people favored this arrangement and the older members gradually adjusted to it.

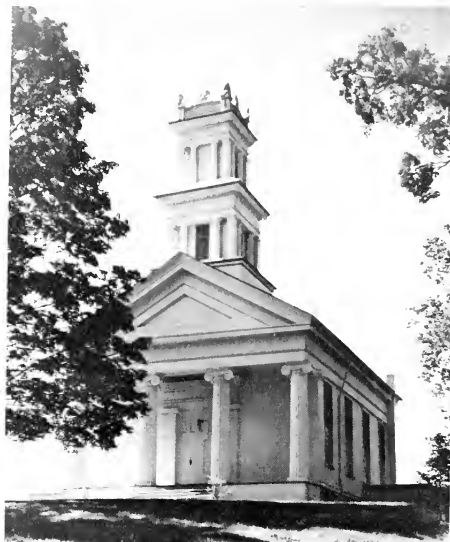
Once or twice a year meetings were held in the Baptist church, finally the Ladies Organization converted it to a Community House. In time it was badly in need of repair and it was decided to sell or give the building to be taken down.

It was during D. W. Kerr's pastorate that the Tyringham Union Church observed the 175th anniversary of organized church work in Housatonic Township No. 1, and the town of Tyringham. This occurred in 1925 under Mr. Kerr's leadership. He also gave much time and effort to the matter of the transfer of Endowment Funds held by both the Methodist and Baptist Societies into one fund for the Union Church. This entailed a great deal of correspondence and legal work through lawyers and courts.

Since then there have been several short pastorates until in 1952, Rev. Franklin Couch of Dalton came to the parish and is presently fulfilling the duties of the church. Under his leadership the property has been much improved and the membership tripled.

CHAPTER V—POST OFFICES AND STORES

Records say the first established post office in Tyringham or Hop Brook was in 1820. The one in South Tyringham (Monterey) was established in 1824. These were located in the same buildings as the stores, quite possibly in the same buildings as in recent years. In the first half of 1800 mail for the present Tyringham was addressed, Hop Brook Post Office, North Tyringham, Berkshire Co., Massachusetts. No stamps on the envelope, but in the upper right corner, written in ink, was the cost of mailing—12½ cts, 18 cts., or more. Many letters were folded over and sealed with sealing wax, no envelope at all. One such was addressed to Mr. Isaac Harmon, New Marlborough,



The Union Church in Tyringham Built in 1844



The DeWitt Heath House and Millpond 1905

Berkshire Co., Mass. and in the lower corner was written: To be left at Tyringham South Post Office. This was from Perry Center, N. Y. and dated Apr. 20, 1835.

In the Pittsfield Library is a Day Book kept by Francis Clark, when he owned the cider mill and distillery at the south end of town. It is interesting to speculate whether he had a so-called store or was just a Yankee trader. In 1793 he sold meat, cheese, butter, corn, wool, sugar, seed and brandy to Wm. Hall, Wm. Adams, Thomas Ward, Charles Taylor, James Wilson and Hezekiah Summer. In 1802 James Wilson and Wm. Sturgis did some mason work for him. In 1814 he hired Jonah Webb to dig a cellar and draw stone. This sounds as though it might have been for his son's house where John McLennon now lives. He paid Mr. Price for making hinges. In 1827 he sold to Emily Dowd, "1 chest bought of E. Garfield, one pair of morocco shoes, bit velvet, silk braid and cotton hose." All this time he did a rushing business in brandy and cider. Dr. Asa Welch, James Sweet, John Adams, Marcena Dowd, Sam Brayman, Eber Jones and David Mansfield were good customers.

In the Tyringham Library is Book V kept by Daniel Garfield in 1821, when he owned the store in Hop Brook village. He too, sold a quantity of cider, brandy, gin, new rum, high wine, spirits and occasionally a sling. These, along with camphor gum, paregoric and sulphur were about all they had to use for medicinal purposes, except a few native herbs. However, it is suspected that much of the first mentioned was used for another purpose. Carrie Nation hadn't appeared as yet.

Justus Battle, Jr. bought 10c worth of gin and 22c worth of rum "at time of pickerel fishing". Later, in November, he was charged with "at time of his court, to supper 25c and to a shear of spirits and sugar carried into other room 76c". Right after this entry is, "Solomon Beard to supper at time of Brown and Battle's court 20c. To a jill and 1/2 of bitters 10c". Justus's father was credited with one and three fourths bbl. cider, pumis and some mother. Even Pratt, the negro at Lee Forge, came down to buy his rum and maple sugar.

Apparently Linas Heath's wife was quite a seamstress for she bought a stick of twist, buttons for a jacket and some for a coat. She bought "shirting, bembazine, cambrack" and paid for part in rags and deer-skin mittens. Tristam Stedman, Jr.'s wife bought pepper, cinnamon, snuff, an ash broom, shirting and needles. She was credited with "making pantaloons". Later in the year Tristam, Jr. bought more snuff and tea.

John Fartan was a pedlar, credited with one pot, 4 large spiders, a small one, a dish "kittle", 3 tea "kittles" and gave Garfield 12 1/2c discount. Julius Beach must have been a cooper for the pedlar credited him with hooping barrels and butter tubs. Then he turned around and bought of Garfield, screws, gimblet, tallow and 2 silk flags.

Elisha Brown might have been a pedlar too, for he brought testaments, blank books, spelling books, toys, paper and a dozen bonnets to the store and gave 239 lbs. of rags in payment.

James Walker's daughter exchanged cheese and socks for pins and needles, copperas and salt. Soon after that Thomas Hall returned a cheese weighing 11 lbs. 14 oz., for "being full of skippers". Evidently the gal put one over on Garfield. Hall must have been mad too, but not as mad as the woman who bought some molasses at Tinker's Store many years after, took it home in her own jug and found worms in it. She marched herself right back to the store and fired the molasses, jug and words right into Eugene Tinker's face.

William Stedman was working with wood for he bought a chisel and files. After he died, his widow carted her butter from Sodom to the store in exchange for her tea and other groceries. Some of Garfield's patrons were interested in keeping diaries or correspondence with neighbors or relatives who had moved west to New York State or Ohio, or south to Connecticut. One prolific writer was Capt. Thomas Stedman who often bought paper by the ream and ink powder. Chester Collins got an ink stand for his desk. Miss Stedman bought book muslin. Mr. Blake, the schoolmaster, paid 42c for a testament and 22c for a spelling book.

Rev. John Sweet purchased a half quire paper, tea and snuff, 6 yds. bombast, 1 yd. cotton shirting for \$3.54. He was credited with 18 bbls. cider, \$9. Leave it to the ministers in those days to get the best of a deal. This same Rev. Sweet preached a sermon one Sunday on "Poverty". "Why, my dear friends, you know not what poverty means". He paused to let his words sink in, "Look at me, I've only half a shirt to my back!" The ladies of the parish were indeed, shocked. So that week a group of them met and made the Reverend some shirts. When they presented them to him with apologies for allowing their preacher to come to such circumstances, he chuckled and said, "My dear ladies, no man has more than half a shirt to his back, the other half is on front". By the end of that year, 1821, he bought "6 yds. cambrack and 6 yds. factory shirting". So, at last he must have been well stocked with shirts.

In the spring Garfield did a big business in salt. November was an especially busy month. Ithiel Battle fetched a load from Hudson, viz: one Hogshead of rum, one chest of tea, one keg of tobacco, small bundle of drygoods and a dry cask with sundries, "the whole estimated at thirteen hundred gross which I am to give by the hundred as given in Lee, \$4.34".

Two days later Solomon Heath was credited with fetching a load from Hudson—one hogshead molasses and a small jug of snuff, estimated at 10½ hundred. The entries that follow denote the sundries and dry goods. Abigail Hall, the vain girl, bought a string of beads; Abbie Webster, silk lace, pink and white crepe; Mrs. Justus Battle, a crepe gown pattern; Mrs. Amon Stanbrough, a silk gown. Wm. Gardner couldn't resist the spotted cravat. Anna Sweet bought a silk flag handkerchief; Linas Heath, a "Bassalonia" handkerchief and silk flag. Rev. Sweet got suspenders to keep his shirts tucked in. Perhaps Chester Collins was getting married that year and needed all the plates, punch bowls, teaspoons, knives and forks to start housekeeping.

Almanacs, turpentine, indigo, sulphur, wrapping paper, padlocks, whips, as well as spices, seeds, goose feathers, tallow, ax helves were sold, often in exchange for produce from the farms or rags for the papermills. Sometimes a few cents were paid on account, or a man worked in some way toward his bill, such as Arnold Stedman who was credited with "tappin shoes and mending boots".

The store was a busy place, no doubt a social center for exchange of news or gossip. There was a time when the town supported three stores—one close to the sidewalk between Orchard House and the cottage now owned by the Dareys; another in the Paper Mill District, across from the rake factory; and the present one. The one across from the rake factory was the first to go. The late Marshall Stedman took it down about 1900. Beulah Cannon disposed of the one by Orchard House some years after. Horace Langdon was the last keeper of that, Palmer and Sweetman then Charles Hale, before him. Evenings, the men gathered around the pot-belly stove, sitting on kegs of nails or the cracker barrel, talked of their crops or the weather, discussed their neighbors' ventures or even politics. One evening, George Bosworth, a mite under the influence, started to leave; on the porch he turned and went back and said, "No, I'm not leaving until the rest of you go. You'll talk about me if I do." Not all the gossiping was among the women at the sewing circles, no indeed.

CHAPTER VI—ROADS

On the east of this Housatonic Wilderness was Blandford, recently settled, with a well-traveled road from the bustling "west field"; at the west, Sheffield with an established road from Connecticut, but no more than an Indian Trail to connect the two. The farsighted officials of the Great and General Court in Boston saw the need of a passageway between these two townships to shorten the route from Boston to Albany. At the same time, they had surveyed four new townships on the east side of the "Housatunnuk" River, which also brought a pressing need for means of communication with them. Thus the Great Road was surveyed to pass between the new settlements, as mentioned in a report of a committee to the General Court Jan. 15, 1735. The first cart road was opened in 1737; seven months before it was made a good sleigh road.

It was over this Great or Albany Road that General Knox passed and wrote in his diary, Jan. 10, 1776. "Reached No. 1 after having climbed mountains from which we might almost have seen all the Kingdoms of the Earth". In a letter written to Francis Thompson (born 1839) by her uncle Oliver, he tells of hearing his grandmother talk about Burgoyne's Hessians setting up a great kettle and making camp on their farm. "A soldier died in camp and was buried on the wintergreen knoll back of the pond", now Ward's Pond in Monterey. They fired volleys over his grave. Oliver's grandmother baked bread for the army and some of the officers took their meals with her. This was known as the Spring place by the West Otis line.

Letters and diaries confirm that this first highway was hardly worthy of the name Road, being suitable for not much more than ox-cart travel. With the constant increase in population accelerated by the wars, the traffic kept pace, as well as the need for repairs. Complaints of its condition irritated the Court at Boston until they made mandatory the maintenance of the Great Road by the towns themselves. Records speak of the fines paid for failing to do so.

In town records the next mention of a road was a branch, commencing about one mile east of Brewer Pond (Lake Garfield), passing north of the pond, over Mt. Hunger past the meeting house lot to Beartown and down into Stockbridge by Icy Glen. From these high roads, running along the ridge of the mountain, branches led out in all directions, like fingers reaching for a hold. As homes were built on the various lots away from the Great Road, the records are filled with petitions from owners for more and more roads. The Surveyors of Highways were kept busy, perhaps too busy, for the same men never held that office for long.

As already mentioned, in record of 1737, our present Tyringham is referred to as Hop Lands or Swamps. This indicates the condition of this valley in those days and leads to the belief that the first roads here were from the Great Road at the Old Center running down to the high spots in the valley.

Tradition tells us that the first road leading into North Tyringham, usually mentioned as Hop Brook, was known as the Royal Hemlock Road opened in 1743. From the Old Center by the Manse it came out by what is now Littel's Lodge. In Colonial days, trees marked with an R denoted Royal and were reserved for his Majesty's ships. Only the best and largest were so marked. The story is that a traveler passing along in his ox-cart, came to this beautiful giant hemlock on which was carved R H, meaning Road to Hop Brook. The man mistook their meaning for Royal Hemlock, which ever after clung.

It seems logical to assume that there were three branch roads leading into North Tyringham; one from West Otis into the south end of town, past Brayman's dwelling house (Add. Heath's), "past Granger's Cider Mill" to the Frances Clark house (Gelsleichter's) and into Sodom. This, called Graden Hill, may be a contraction from Brayman or Granger. Another from the Mt. Hunger Road past the Smith dwelling house, down Smith Hill and the third from Beartown to Jerusalem, now the Brace Road. From the foot of Smith Hill, the road, now in use, to Jerusalem and Fernside into South Lee, where Isaac Davis settled while the north Hoplands were still in Tyringham, seems feasible as a very early highway, avoiding the swamp.

To give some idea of the cost of road work, in the lists of assessments in 1752 were "Jabez Davis and Wm. Hale and the hands that labored under them, 18 pounds, 19 shillings, 9 pence paid by the treasurer, Ephraim Thomas". In 1762 the assessors were "to commit the list thereof to the Surveyors of Highways." Each assessment to be paid either in labor on the roads or money. Each man was allowed for one

day service, 2 shillings 8 pence; yoke of oxen, 1 shilling 2 pence; for a cart 8 pence; for a plow 8 pence. The next year new surveyors were Gershom Woodworth, Sam'l Wadsworth and Gideon Joslen. The clamor for road work sounds quite natural today. John Chadwick, John Brewer, Isaac Gearfield (Garfield), Eathan Lewis, Benj'm Heath and Jacob Brown received pay for labor and oxen on the roads but Chadwick had an extra bill for 7 quarts of rum and hanging gates.

The first mention of a Hop Brook road found in the town records was in 1763. Mention is made for laying out roads to Mr. Joslin's and Road to Hop Brook. By the next year the workers began to ask for higher pay. A James Sturdevant and others petitioned for a road past their place "as living back off the ways". Two years later a new road to Great Barrington and one to New Marlboro were opened, the latter "past Capt. John Brewers, deceased, across the Mill River, past Granville Brook to east bank of Sevin Bear Brook, past Samuel Wadsworth's dwelling, allowing the possessor of Josiah Brewer's Intervail the privilege to hang gates across the road for benefit of Travelers, s'd gates to stand open from Nov. 1, to April 1". At the same time Deac. Thomas Orton gave an account of clearing a new road from Mr. Robbins, on Beartown, to Orton's in No. Tyringham. This probably was the Brace Road.

From here on there is frequent mention of Hop Brook Roads. In March 1770, "To Elijah Warrin for 8 days building bridge over Hop Brook and clearing roads". This is the first bridge recorded in Hop Brook and seems to be the one by the Tyringham library. At a following meeting they planned for a road, "beginning at Lot No. 46 at a tree standing on south bank of Hop Brook, near the bridge, leading to south bank of Orton's Brook (Shaker Brook). Could this be Jerusalem Road? In 1773 Amos Northrup (Chapin House) and others requested a road from the Saw Mill (rake factory) on Hop Brook past Abijah Merrill's dwelling to Amos Northrup's dwelling. (North end of Main Road) The next year a committee was formed "to view the new County Road, lately laid out through Hop Brook". This section of town was in an expanding mood, flapping its wings to fly.

And then came the lull, which lasted from 1774 to 1779, when there was practically no mention of roads. The officials had all they could attend to in raising money, men and ammunition for the army; besides, they were beset with the problem of a small pox epidemic.

During the wars north of here, soldiers became infected with small pox bringing it back home with them. The pestilence grew until by the time of the Revolution there erupted a frightening epidemic. In Mar. 1777 town meeting the voters, after choosing their officers, voted to pass over all else "excepting the matter of small pox". Also, "that there be a final stop to inoculating for the present". Lieut. Joseph Wilson, Abijah Markam and Ebenezer Chadwick were chosen to carry this message from the Selectmen and Committee of Safety "to all houses in town infected with same", The houses of John Betty, Gideon Joslin, Josiah Brewer, Giles Jackson and Thomas Benny were mentioned as being infected. The committee was ordered to go to any

place where a person was suspected of giving it by inoculation and bring back a list of all suspected or actually having it, "for the selectmen are determined to carry out all orders and any who disobey will be confined on their own lot with Proper Guards set until the town is sufficiently cleansed". In 1779 Dr. Binney (first doctor mentioned in records) was allowed for medicine and attendance on two transients infected with small pox.

The pestilence was still raging in 1785. Early that year the town, "resolved that a committee be chosen to appoint a House or Hospital for those that have taken the small pox by inoculation in the town of Tyringham in violation of the Laws of the Land and to the great disturbance and Danger of the Inhabitants of said town. And no one shall be allowed to go near same without special permit from the Committee after being cleansed of all Infection, to see that the Hospital is supplied with good and proper nurses and attendance and other necessities which they may need, at their own expense and the committee is to supply them with a physician". Dr. David Tallcott and Lieut. Joseph Wilson with the selectmen were the committee. They were directed to prosecute in Law, persons who brought in the Infection and all that had taken the inoculation. How medical science has consistently changed all through the years!

Day after day Rev. Adonijah Bidwell recorded deaths from small pox, among them was, "Joe, the Indian, died today of small pox."

After 1779 roads again came in for consideration. The township was bursting with activity. New homes brought appeals for roads and more roads, offset by discontinuance of former ones. New laws were passed, taxes raised, men skipped town without paying their taxes, others complained. It took 22 Continental dollars to get one silver dollar and the treasurer was demanding silver dollars. A commentator has said, "America is getting pretty stuffy when a man can't openly complain about his taxes". It is well to read these early records and ponder, have the people of today cause to complain? So the men worked out their taxes, building and repairing roads, gates, bridges and the town pound. In August of this, "the 4th year of Independence", the town "agreed to repair the public road requested by the Quarter Master for transporting stones through the town, half the cost to be paid by the town and half by him".

The town resented any infringement upon this means of paying taxes as demonstrated by the vote in Jan. 1802 to send a "committee to the General Court and oppose the proposed turnpike". Due to the limited long-distance roads and their bad condition, Turnpike Corporations were formed to challenge the situation. As a business enterprise, the turnpike roads failed but those that were built became free and furthered the development of this Berkshire region. Better facilities for transportation invited more frequent communication with larger, older towns. Even so, travel during the early 19th century proved hazardous, sometimes dangerous. Theodore Sedgwick Ingersol of Stockbridge, wrote to his fiancé, Lydia Brewer in Tyringham: "I am told you are going to start for Hudson tomorrow morning with Sally,

and are coming home alone.—If you have any pride, or mean to support any dignity, I would by all means advise you not to go—you must see that it is not only very dangerous but ridiculous.—I think it the most imprudent thing I ever heard of. You not only expose your character and reputation, but your life is very much exposed. If you should happen to meet a ruff company of Dutchmen, half drunk, and they should affright your horse what would you do? Where would you go to?”

This first half of the 19th century was a restless period; new families appeared and former settlers moved. After the cold year of 1816, when there was a freeze in every month of the year and all crops were frozen, many moved to western New York State or Ohio. This exodus carries a familiar tone when we think of the young families today being shuttled through the branches of big industry. The wide-spreading network of roads that formed, proved confusing to strangers passing through, so in 1840, by act of Congress, guide posts were placed at five strategic points on the main roads. Two years before this the town appropriated \$1000. for repairing the highways and raised the workers' pay consistently for many years.

After more than one hundred years of use, the Royal Hemlock Road was discontinued in 1852. Several times men living in Jerusalem petitioned in vain to have it reopened. When, by the last of the century, families began to leave the rocky hilltops and move to the valleys or farther west, most of these early roads were discontinued until, in the early 20th century, the state passed a law forbidding termination of all roads due to forest-fire hazard. Today, in hiking over the hills of Tyringham, one can detect the location of some of these abandoned roads by the stone walls that bordered them.

CHAPTER VII—INCORPORATION & NAME, TYRINGHAM

Until its incorporation in 1762, the settlement was known as Housatonic Township No. 1. From then until 1952 the origin of the name Tyringham was clothed in conjecture. Most of the settlers were of English extraction and all historians agreed it was named from the Tyringham Estates in England—but, by whom and why? The most prevalent theory was that Lord Howe, passing over the great road through town, on his way to Ticonderoga, named it after his home in England. During early historical diggings the writer began to question this theory so in 1929 correspondence with Mr. F. A. König, owner of Tyringham House, England, was begun. His reply in part follows: “The Lord Howe of whom you make mention has never owned Tyringham, which for the last 600 years has been in the Tyringham family until I acquired it in 1907”. Mr. König had even consulted his neighbor, Col. William Trevor of Lathbury Park, regarding the question, who said, as far as he knew the Howe family never had anything to do with the neighborhood. So that knocked the Howe speculation in the head.

However, twenty-three years later a letter reached Tyringham's selectman, Fred Loring, from a young man, John G. B. Tyringham, attending Aiglon College in Switzerland. He stated that in clearing out some old documents at home he discovered one written by a resident of Tyringham Estates wherein the man wrote he had been to America and while there had founded the town, Tyringham. The Lorings replied but never heard from him again.

In April 1954 the Lorings received a telephone call from Col. Giffard L. Tyringham who, with his wife and daughter, Rose Mary, were in New York City and would like to visit Tyringham, U. S. A. He and his daughter were greeted at the train in Lee, by Mr. and Mrs. Loring. The writer drove them back to the train in late afternoon where Rev. Franklin Couch met them. After that there was a brief correspondence with Col. Tyringham. In it he explained that from the old document he learned that a native from his ancestor's Tyringham Estates, England, emigrated to Massachusetts before the Revolution and came to this area prospecting for iron. While he was in western Massachusetts a town was named after his home in England. It sounds like he made a hit with the proprietors at an opportune time when they were incorporating and needed a name.

Ever since Col. Tyringham read the old paper he had wanted to visit this town. It was his son who first wrote from Switzerland and died shortly after, the only remaining person to continue the family name.

This year 1762 coincides with the emergence of iron forges in Berkshire County and the start of the Salisbury Iron Works expansion to the south of us.

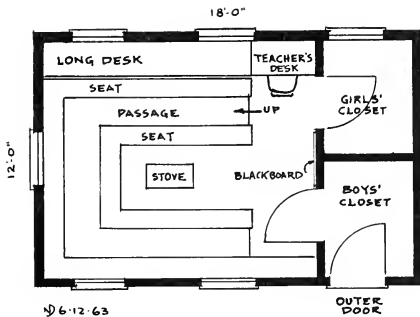
Col. Tyringham also blasted the story of the origin of the English name as told in Scott's 1905 history of the town. The Colonel wrote: "According to our Pedigrees and Lineage the original Tyringham came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror and fought with him at the battle of Hastings in the year 1066—for his services was rewarded with forty-eight manors—which included Tyringham in the County of Buckingham".

The Tyringham Library holds a cablegram from Mr. Roger Tyringham, (emphasis on Mr. not Sir.) of Buckinghamshire, England, father of Col. Tyringham, congratulating the town on its 150th anniversary, celebrated with presentation of the Hawthorne pageant in the Gilder meadows bordering Hop Brook.

And so ends the true story of the name Tyringham; this, the only town so named in the United States of America or in the WORLD!

CHAPTER VIII—SCHOOLS

Until the year of incorporation, wives of the proprietors, those with the proper learning, kept school in their respective homes. That year the town voted the sum of 18£ for schooling. The next year Isaac Gearfield was paid for making one writing table and sundry small benches for the school house and Elizabeth Warrin was paid 5£ 8s. for keeping school 18 weeks.



PLAN: WEBSTER DISTRICT SCHOOLHOUSE
TYNGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS · SCALE 1/4"=1'0"

FROM DRAWING BY ESTELLE DORMAN STEDMAN
AND MEASUREMENTS OF EXISTING FOUNDATION WALLS.



The Hermit's Hut
Tichnor's Shanty



Cross-eyed Angel
Carving on Tombstone

From then through 1764 wives of Deac. Hale, Jonathan Whaples, John Kellogg, Zachariah Thomas and Ben'j Heath received pay in various amounts at different times for keeping school. Then in '65 Giles Jackson made seats for the school. By January of the following year the town voted to build a school house on "North end of Lot #43 on County Road, near where Bailey's house stands". This was to be a frame house 20 feet square by 7 foot stud, with chimney at one corner. When the bills came in, seems like every man in town helped to build that school house; they even charged for rum consumed on the job. This school house stood by a boulder on Beartown Road, not far from Brace Road.

Hulda Sedgwick commenced teaching in 1767 and boarded with Jacob Brown. In all probability this was the first time a regular teacher was employed who boarded out. In 1770 she was followed by Abigail Lewis, School Dame. In two years Samuel Eaton kept school and was paid for lights of glass for the school house. A Mr. Mahoney taught and boarded at Orton's.

Town meetings were often adjourned to this school house (warmer than the church) and in 1770 there started a continuous question, "should they dispose of their school land?" After the minutes of town meeting in 1773, there is a notation stating the school house burned on Mar. 5, 1773. Thus went the first school house in Tyringham—like so many of those early buildings. At this same meeting was asked, "the mind of the people whether to build a school house in Hop Brook." After the fire the inhabitants awoke to the need for more school buildings. So they voted to build four school houses and a committee was appointed to "lay out in four districts, equally proportioned". The first included dwellings of Isaac Gearfield (Garfield), Capt. Sam'l Wheelock and Thaddeous Graves to connect with Dowd's, then to Noah Lankton's (Langdon), and Ebenezer Jackson. The school house to be set at the "Crock of the road against the house where Hezekiah Hale dwells". This was later known as Morse Corners. The second district began at Joseph Brewer's, west on town line to Six Mile Pond (Lake Buel), to Benchly Patton's, Benedict and Job Rewey's, to Ebenezer Jackson's and back. The third began at Isaac Gearfield's west, then north to Sam Howes, Abraham Collins, Thomas Robbins, easterly back to beginning. This was near the school house that burned. The fourth included all living in Upper and Lower Hop Brook, north to the Hop Brook south mountain. School house to be set at the turn of the town road, a little north of Ebenezer Spring's house. This recorded location appears to be that of the first school house for use of Hop Brook children and was in what is now West Otis at the junction of Route 23 and the Tyringham Road. Also, from this it appears that the most populous and influential section of Hop Brook was at this south and east end of town.

With the development and spread of Hop Brook section, grew the necessity for more schools. In April 1782 William Hale, Jr. and others petitioned to have their part of the township divided into three or more school districts and it was so voted. One district to include

property of Hezekiah Culver, Ebenezer Springs and Benj. Davis and all inhabitants northerly of them. This was the North Center District by Hickory Farm. Another district in the south part included Capt. Ezekiel Herrick, William Bentley, Darius Joslen and all southerly and easterly of them. This was the South Center or Sodom District. The third district was composed of all inhabitants between aforesaid which was the Center School, still used. One hundred years later there were eight schools in the Monterey section and six in Tyringham, besides the Shaker School. In Tyringham there were schools as above mentioned, plus one in the Webster District, one at Goose Pond (Lake May) and another in Jerusalem.

The location of the Sodom school house never changed but three different buildings stood on the same site. The first two were destroyed by fire and the last was taken down since 1914 when it was closed from lack of pupils. Beavers now occupy the site of this school house.

Around 1830 Eber Slater's children attended school in Jerusalem. His descendant, Edward, said that this school house stood on the south side of the road below the Curtin-Littell house. This building was taken down and another built about in front of where the Howard barn now stands. That also, was taken down and another built near the North end of Shaker Pond, to accommodate scholars who lived nearer this location. Slater told how it was not uncommon for the boys in Jerusalem to put the teachers out in the street and take full control of themselves. For several years a Shaker School, under supervision of the town committee, registered 28 scholars.

The North Center school location and building remained the same until it was unoccupied around 1900. Ossie Canon was the last teacher. After Mr. Kitson came to town, for a short time he used the building for a studio; subsequently it was removed and the land automatically reverted to Hickory Farm.

The first schoolhouse in the Lake May (Goose Pond) district stood between the old McCormick place and the Blake Farm. As the population in that section changed, the school house was removed and another erected west of the McCormick Farm. By 1912, or before, school was conducted in a room in the McDarby farm house. Rose McDarby was the teacher. Now, any scholars from that locality are transported to Lee.

As previously mentioned, the Webster District schoolhouse too, changed locations. Before it was moved, Jemima Stedman taught there in 1826. Text books were very scarce and expensive so Jemima made some of her own. Her arithmetic is especially interesting, written in beautiful penmanship and hand sewed for binding. An example in solid measure:

In 19 tons of round timber how many inches?

In 14 tons of timber how many solid feet?

In 21 cords of wood how many solid feet?

On another page, taken at random:

How many barley corns will it take to reach around the globe, it being 260 degrees?

How many times will a carriage wheel 16 ft. & 9 in. in circumference turn around in going from New York to Philadelphia?

A silversmith received three ingots of gold, each weighing 27 ounces with directions to make them into spoons of 2 ounces cups of 5 ounces sats.

The national debt of England amounts to about 279 millions of pounds sterling, how long will it take to count the debt in Dollars reckoning without intermission 12 hours a day at the rate of 50 dollars a minute and 365 days a year?

A lesson in discount follows:

I sold a watch for 17 pounds 1 s. 5 d. and by so doing lost 15 percent, whereas I ought, in trading to have gained 20 percent, how much was it sold under its real value?

On some of the last pages are these:

What is the least number that can be divided by 9 digits separately without a remainder?

In 45 £ 10s, sterling how many dollars and cents a pound sterling bring 444 cents?

Reduce $\frac{1}{2}$ of a farthing to a fraction of a shilling.

Later, Jemima Stedman taught in Hinsdale, besides, she did a lot of tutoring. In her Day Book she charged Jessa Cheney, in 1838, for teaching Bruce and Lucy Cheney of Lee, 8 weeks. The scrap book says she taught "for nigh onto 40 years" in various places. One of the last teachers in this Webster District was Estella Dorman (Mrs. Charles Stedman).

The Center School has never changed location, in fact the present school building has been there for at least 100 years, probably many more. When Miss Cynthia Judd (Mrs. F. G. Heath of Monterey) taught there in 1870 she had 48 scholars and there were 146 pupils in the town.

The first printed school report was in 1859, the next year a second one, both written by Addison Brown, then chairman of the school committee. Mr. Brown was a local Baptist minister. He gave the names of the teachers but not the pupils. The first record of scholars came in 1861, written by Albert Thompson, chairman of the board.

In 1865 T. D. Thatcher, chairman of the board, reported that there was no one living in the town, except the minister, who had received a diploma from any seminary, but by 1905 there were many who had. Tyringham schools have sent out into the world, boys who have made good—business and professional men, men in the mercantile business, and heads of manufacturing. Many of our girls trained and have held excellent positions as teachers and nurses.

Teachers today will be astounded to hear what a school dame's life was like when Emogene Beach (Mrs. T. Fenn) taught in Jerusalem in 1857. "At that time," she wrote, "there were six districts in town. The school year began in the spring with only two terms in the year, the summer term being much the longer. A number of teachers met at the home of C. E. Slater, who was on the examining committee, as candidates for their respective schools. Of the six teachers who taught that year, only two are now living in 1905. I received the munificent sum of \$1.62½ per week, which was 12½c more than any of the others except the one in the Center School."

"In addition to this amount we were boarded around. Now this process of boarding around, must be experienced in order to understand its full meaning. The school ma'am had to send or go in person to inquire if it would be *convenient* for them to board the teacher a certain length of time, according to the number of scholars sent from her family. If the good housewife had finished housecleaning and made soap, a favorable answer might be expected. If not, the teacher had to try some other place, possibly where such sanitary measures were not deemed necessary. If the term was very long, mine was twenty weeks, she had the delectable pleasure repeated. Those teachers, as they moved their belongings from one family to another, realized they had no continuing place to live. That was my first and last such experience. The next year was the dawning of a new era; steady board was furnished and soon wages were largely increased".

As the population decreased and families left the fringe areas, they concentrated in the valley—so, one by one, these outer schools closed. The last to succumb was the South Center. Toward the middle 1890's the south room of the center school house, which had been used for a public library, was converted to a Primary Room with Miss Blanche Garfield (Mrs. Alton Rouse) as its first teacher. The upper grades only, used the North Room. Miss Maud McLaughlin from East Lee was that teacher.

In 1911 there were 40 pupils in the Primary Room and 20 in the Grammar Room. The school at the south center was still in operation with 6 or 8 scholars. The teachers at the Center School were paid \$8. per week and boarded themselves. Since then there has been another change; only the first five grades with one teacher use the south room at Center School—all other pupils are transported by bus to Lee.

CHAPTER IX—INDUSTRIES

As has been noted, Tyringham originally consisted of the present town and Monterey. This first settlement was on the mountain, between the two valleys, known as the Old Center which included Bear-town and Smith Hill. As previously mentioned, the first industry was located below Lake Garfield, on the Konkapot River. These early settlers established their homes on the hills—high, drained, open to the sun and winds, with a view of the surrounding country. But the industrial minded soon moved into the valleys where the streams could provide the power for their shops.

Before the Revolution, according to British law, it was illegal to manufacture in this country. All raw materials were expected to be shipped to the Mother Country for production. Literally, the early implements made here for individual use were contraband.

Following the war, inventive ingenuity came into its own. Tyringham could boast an active industrial life. Its population in 1800, before the division, when at its height, was 1,712. Gristmills and sawmills appeared on every stream running down into Hop Brook. Traces of the old dams can still be found.

About 40 rods east of Francis Clark's house (Gelsleichter's) bricks were made in 1798. Their manufacture was continued there for many years. North of the house a lime-kiln produced considerable lime. Opposite the lime-kiln a still house was built in 1809 with two stills where brandy was distilled from cider until the advent of the Washingtonian Temperance Reformation in 1830. Near the still was a cider mill which was used nearly half a century. Apples were plentiful and the demand for cider great. There was another cider mill on Camp Brook.

On the brook running down Smith Hill was a wood-working shop where Smith made bedsteads, wooden churns and butter bowls. Charles Slater has a chair and a rule made here by his ancestor, Smith. Aaron Garfield supplied the people with coffins, boots and shoes. Later Lucian Heath had a cobbler's shop in his home, likewise did Jared S. Tyrrel in his shop on the present Hale Bros. farm, in 1850 or before.

The far-reaching fame of one enterprise arrived in Wisconsin via Dorr Miner who was reared on the old Miner farm at the Old Center. In his doting years he talked of the man, Abraham Collins, who carved tombstones, famous for their cross-eyed angel faces. In the oldest Tyringham cemetery, (Monterey) can be seen these angel carvings, each a little different, some with wings extended from the egg-shaped faces and all with closed eyes or cross-eyes.

The village proper was once a craft center—crafts or small industries appeared all along Hop Brook where three dams supplied water power for those not fashioned by hand. The upper dam was just southeast of the Union Church. There were two shops here, taking power from the same mill pond. One was a rake-shop owned and operated by Solomon, Harry and Daniel Heath. (One record says they were brothers). William Cargill, in his reminiscences said, "There was a two-story building close to the Heath shop with rooms overhead to live in, which my uncle, Charles Cargill, occupied when he manufactured Kealers in the shop below. He had a machine that would take rims about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick from outside cuts of maple logs about 7 or 8 inches long, making what was called a nest of tubs, all sizes. B. F. Johnson built the house on the corner by the church (the parsonage) and followed Cargill in making Kealers. This shop, he afterward converted to a cotton factory. In time this burned."

In one of these shops, Egbert Wilson had a chair turning factory which in 1850 he swapped for Breckenridge's rake shop in Jerusalem. This included the farm and house where Artist Picken now lives and the Clifford Canon farm at the foot of Cemetery Hill, as well as the water privilege and shop on Hop Brook. Breckenridge concentrated his manufacturing interest to rake making and after several years passed the business on to George Oles who did a thriving trade in rakes. Corwin Downs was the last man to make rakes here and he added cider making. After he died the shop collapsed and the dam washed out in a flood.

The village smithy, south of the bridge above the post office, must not be overlooked. Around 1840 Elbridge Terrel plied the trade and built the house next door. No doubt there were other blacksmiths before him. When Terrel's two little girls were smothered in the sand bank by the church, he deserted the town and was never heard from again. John McCarthy came from Otis and shod horses here. The smithies came and went but in 1886 George Kopp came to town, married Lillie Stedman, bought the blacksmith shop and stayed for about 25 years. Then Tom Curtin had it for a number of years. In between, Myron Ward worked for George R. Warren in his wagon shop attached to the blacksmith shop and may have operated the latter.

By the second dam just above the Jerusalem Road bridge was a cluster of shops. On the east side of the road, across the bridge, Esquire Ezra Heath owned a rake shop. Joshua Boss and Henderson Ward did the manufacturing for him. When Heath failed in business the shop was never used again. Across the road, in the bank back of the library, Heath had another shop where he made thread spools and scythe rifles. Before her death in 1928, at the age of 87, Frances Thompson remembered playing with spools in the top story of this rickety factory, when she was a child.

About where the library stands Esquire Tom Garfield made rakes; nearby, Hiram Dorman had a blacksmith shop and farther down the stream Joe Wilson made chairs and did wood turning. After this chair shop burned, Ezra Heath and Joshua Boss, in 1846, built the Bay State Wrapping Mill where they made wrapping paper. The next owners were Johnson and Fargo. This mill too, burned, was rebuilt by the West Brothers, who specialized in wall paper, then sold to John Tremble who manufactured paper, but it, too, burned in 1870. In the census of 1855, this mill worked 100 tons of rags and made 65 tons of paper valued at \$14,300. and employed five hands. When Fargo had this mill he also owned the store and post office located in the house across from the present post office. The West Bros. acquired this with the purchase of the Paper Mill.

Probably the first industry on Hop Brook was a sawmill on the site of the present Stedman Rake Factory—although there is no positive date of the first sawmill in Sodom. In 1787, Jan. 30, John Winegar of Lee paid 200 pounds to John Russell, Justus Battle and Ishmall Spink of Tyringham for "privileges of the stream called Hop Brook at and near the Sawmill standing on said brook together with a

convenient place to set a grist mill". Also, "the mill yard and garden at the northwest end of saw mill joining said brook with the privileges of building mills etc. through Lot #46, except incumbrances of Matthew Dunham". Signed by William Ingersoll and Jacob Miers.

This proves there was a sawmill on this spot before 1786. Among some old papers is the bill of timbers sawed by Thomas Stedman on his first sojourn here from Rhode Island, for construction of the house across the street built in 1793 by Battle. The oldest residents living can remember the ruins of this sawmill. It stood nearer the dam from the rake factory and was last owned by Daniel Heath. The mill stones from the gristmill built by Winegar were exposed in the bank of the brook at the north end of the rake factory during a flood in 1938. One is now in the garden across the street, the other is in the Garden Center in Stockbridge. The Stedmans bought the saw mill of Seth Mix of Claverack, N. Y. who in turn had bought of Enos Cooley. In 1805 William and Thomas Stedman paid the mortgage held by William Ashley of Hudson "on a tract of land in Tyringham containing about 4 acres with a sawmill and gristmill standing thereon situated on a stream called Hop Brook". No one person seems to have retained this property for long.

The fame of Berkshires' pure spring water drew the attention of paper-makers recently over from England. So in 1832 Riley Sweet and Asa Judd built the old Turkey Paper Mill, named and designed after the old Turkey Mill at Maidstone, Kent, England. It was built in the shape of a turkey, body parallel with the brook, the head consisting of the boiler room and chimney on front, the tail across the brook with a spread in three small chemical buildings. This was successively owned and operated by the firm of Ingersoll, Platner and Smith, fore-runners of the Smith Paper Co. in Lee, where the lure of the railroad led them.

Paper from this mill took the World's first premium in London which gave it widespread fame. The building was erected by Elizur Smith with his partner, Platner, who had bought the Hop Brook water privilege where the first gristmill stood. It was a wooden structure, considered large for that day. They bought springs on both sides of the valley and laid wooden conduits to carry the pure spring waters to the mill. Some of these have been unearthed in recent years. These men were the first to import a Fourdrinier machine into this country and therefore the first to make water-marked paper. This famous mill employed sixty men besides many women and shipped tons of writing paper abroad. At one time it boasted the loudest steam whistle in the world. It was claimed that every time the whistle blew, the boilers consumed one cord of wood to produce the necessary steam. It was so loud and clear it could be heard in Otis, Lee and Stockbridge. It, undoubtedly, aroused the ire of that staid, proper community of Stockbridge.

The original mill was powered by a huge water wheel but as the business increased and additions made, the company installed two steam boilers in the room on front, and built a 54-foot chimney.

There were not the safety devices in those days and there were some bad accidents. In 1850 one of the boilers exploded. Most of it whirled through the roof, knocked out a piece of the ridge of the main building and landed in the brook back of the mill. At the same time a stick of cordwood was shot, like an arrow, across the street into the wall of the boarding house.

In 1858 a queer accident happened in the mill. A hogshead of soft soap was standing in one of the rooms; a workman fell in, alone, he nearly lost his life but was discovered just in time and pried out of the sticky mess. No one knew why the soap was there or why he fell in.

Regardless of all the mishaps, the workers were happy and had many good times there. One of the best citizens in the town was Ira Vanborgan who was the superintendent for many years. He was greatly respected by the employees and always referred to as a gentleman. Long after the papermill was gone, Mrs. J. M. Garfield said, "I have the rag room in my mind's eye today: rows of girls with dust caps on their heads, standing before sinks with woven wire bottoms and something standing up in front like the point of a scythe. With this they removed buttons, then cut the rags in strips, placed them in a basket and weighed them—so many pounds for a day's work." Everyone was proud of the old Turkey Mill. While this industry was flourishing, the company built a blacksmith shop just north of the mill. Casius Scranton was its last smithy. They also built a store below the boarding house and two tenement houses—one of four tenements, known as The Long House, stood between the boarding house and the Dan Heath home, and the other, north of the blacksmith shop, of two tenements.

Ingersoll stayed with the company but a short time and when Mr. Platner died Smith formed a stock company with his nephews, DeWitt C. Smith as treasurer and Wellington Smith as manager, with himself a directing member, then moved to Lee. Shortly the old mill burned in the year 1869, one of the worst fires in the history of the town. There was a gale wind and the next day the Whitney family, living above Graden Hill in West Otis, found scorched paper in their yard.

Another mill was built on the same foundation by new owners. John Canon had the largest interest in this, being also interested in a paper mill at Goose Pond, Lee. This company made photographic paper. During his ownership he sold the sawmill below the dam, to Daniel Heath who had previously operated it. But Canon failed in both mills and the Tyringham mill changed hands again and its name had become The Berkshire Mill.

Thirty years after the Old Turkey burned, the late Marshall Stedman bought the property from his uncle, Charles Stedman, who had operated a saw and grist mill about four years. It was here that Stedman continued the long line of Stedman rake-makers previously in Sodom. During his ownership many changes were made—he had the 54-foot chimney removed, added an extension on the south end



The Berkshire Paper Mill - Main Street - about 1893



Stedman's Rake Factory Main Street 1900



Stedman's Mill Pond 1904

for his sawmill, built a machine room that extended over the brook to a foundation on the opposite bank, built a new bulkhead and penstock and installed a new water wheel. He met with adversities too; in 1900 a flood washed away his machine room and a year's stock. He rebuilt a room, parallel with the brook, attached to the main building. In Jan. 1926 the factory and his entire stock went up in flames. It was a bitter cold day with a gale wind that threatened the whole village. By May of that same year he was manufacturing rakes in a new streamlined building, with mostly new machinery. After his death in 1935, Charles Myers, his son-in-law bought and operated the rake business. But Myers died suddenly in less than six years. His widow, Eloise Stedman Myers continued the business for two years, then sold to Earl Beauregard of Blandford. He, in turn, sold to Robert Ezequelle in 1945, the present owner. His manager, Howell Stanard, has worked in this factory for over thirty-five years.

During the Civil War charcoaling mushroomed overnight. It had begun before the war, boomed during it, receded, spurted again in the railroad impetus, and gradually died out when our hardwood forests became depleted and the New American Improved Bessemer method for making steel halted the demand for charcoal iron. During the height of this industry, each autumn our hillsides sparkled at night, like fireflies in the meadows and smoked by day from the burning pits. The high flared-rack wagons rumbled along the roads, headed for the Wells Forge in Otis, or the ones in South Lee, in Van Deusenville or Richmond—even as far as the big Mt. Riga Iron Works in Lakeville, Conn. The schoolhouses were filled with new names from Canada and France. Their fathers were skilled in the art of "pit" construction. They lived in rough cabins in the woods. Some of their descendants are leading citizens of neighboring towns.

The Indians developed an industry here in Tyringham long before the white men arrived, viz.: the art of making maple sugar from the large grove that surrounded the Garfield home, (McDowell's). Store sugar, carted from Hudson, the commercial center of early Berkshire, was expensive. So each spring the settlers made and stored their own soft maple sugar in wooden buckets to alleviate the high cost of sweetening.

When the late Robb de P. Tytus, in the early 20th century, introduced the most modern and efficient equipment for producing and shipping this delectable commodity, the old grove hummed with fame. Year after year, age has destroyed these once beautiful trees, nibbling like a mouse at cheese, to convert them to dust. A few naked trunks remain standing, blanched and straight, like proud sentinels of the past. At this writing, the Howard and Slater farms alone produce maple syrup for sale, in limited amounts.

The leading occupation of the town always has been and is agriculture. The hillsides were cleared, tillage begun and increased. All about ran a network of roads; many, many have disappeared. Farmers carted their butter and cheese to Hudson, Hartford and Bridgeport to exchange for other supplies. Money was scarce. Often sheep were

bought with promissory notes to be met in wool. In the records of 1781 Tyringham raised 5,947 lbs. of beef for the army. Flax was raised in the north end, later tobacco flourished in the south part. Stone mills ground their grain into flour and meal. The statistical returns for 1865 listed 792 sheep, 196 oxen and steers, 105 horses and colts, 475 cows and heifers. Today we have only five active farms; woodlands and overgrown pastures replace fertile fields and grassy hillsides.

Freshets and floods helped to eliminate many of these early industries. In 1869 Main Street was flooded and much damage resulted. The dilapidated blacksmith shop on the De Witt Heath property was washed away and obliterated by this flood. In February, 1900, a freshet washed away Stedman's machine room that extended over the brook and carried his rake stock down stream to land on the Hale meadows. It also dropped one end of Warren's wagon shop, damaging the foundation. Again, in 1933 the Stedman dam was badly damaged and the basement of the rake factory. The water overflowed the bank of Hop Brook, in front of Orchard House, and carried debris and fish down the main road, in front of the rake factory. One by one the dams gave way to floods, never to be rebuilt. Often the floods took place during the spring when ice floes stacked on the dams.

In the census of June 1, 1885 is recorded the following under Industries of Tyringham: Corn and brooms manufactured 1081; lumber for market 250,000 ft. hemlock, 75,000 ft. chestnut and pine. (The lumbering industry employed 25-30 men, yet the value of the lumber was set at only \$28.75); 3,130 cords of firewood valued \$7,042.50. The town contained 425 sheep, producing 1,300 lbs. wool, 75 horses, 118 oxen over three years old, 64 steers aged 3 yrs., 50 aged 2 and 90 yearlings. Average value of horses set at \$90. and two-year-old oxen \$60. The town produced 10,500 lbs. butter and 53,000 lbs. cheese, 90 acres devoted to Indian corn, 5 to wheat, 25 to rye, 90 to oats, 80 to potatoes, 33 to buckwheat, 1200 acres to "English Mowing" producing 1500 tons English hay, 7 sawmills, 4 rake factories, 10,000 lbs. maple sugar, employing 40 hands for from 4 to 6 weeks each year. The famous Turkey Mill worked 400,000 lbs. rags, 6000 lbs. chloride of lime and consumed 2000 cords of wood. It manufactured 25,000 reams of paper valued at \$60,000. and employed 71 hands. The Bay State Mill worked 100 tons of rags, made 65 tons of paper valued at \$14,000. employing 5 hands.

CHAPTER X—OLD HOUSES AND INHABITANTS

What does it mean, an Old House? Perchance to live in one and dream,

It means: a patched ceiling, a paneled wall, a view of the west gate in the hills o'er which hang painted skies.

Sometimes soft lights or song, silent prayer, creaky rockers, rattling shutters, rusty hinges, squeaking doors

Bring dreams of olden days, Castles-in-Spain by open fires, imaginary forms on wide-boarded floors.

One sees generations of old folks, babes, brides and debonair grooms; laughter, love and not a few tears.

For it's borne brawny bodies and stooped shoulders with peace of mind, calm content down through the passing years,

Who watched the swirling snow, the rain and sun; who smelled a lilac or a rose through morning dew by the gate.

Here was hospitality, spirit of Life—essence of things near lost, yet vitally needed, e'er too late.

It stands—symbol of a way of life for which a new house vies.

Only those who've loved and lived in an Old House know what it means.

Reading in the town records, the names of the men who forged this township No. 1, the question comes to mind, which man lived in which "Dwelling House"; for out of the many families who came and went, such a very few of the individual homes can be located in record or tradition. This much can be learned—the occupants were God-fearing, stalwart, rugged individuals. They had a mind of their own and were not afraid to express it. They stuck to their personal convictions to the point of being ostracized by family and society, or even going to jail.

At the crossroads, "Morse Four Corners," beyond Stedman's Pond over Smith Hill, on the right, is Art School Road. The land on the corner of this road once belonged to the Hale farm. Deacon William Hale, descendant of one of the first settlers of America, was one of the first men to settle in Housatonic Township No. 1. In the French War he assisted in building Fort Massachusetts in Adams and was stationed in Stockbridge. He settled in Tyringham in 1747 and erected one of the oldest frame houses in the town, now owned by the Pearson family of New York. That is, he built first, only the east end, but when he received the Indian alarm (there had been murders in Stockbridge) he took his family and moved to Enfield, Conn. Four years later he returned and finished the house before 1750. In 1764 he was unanimously chosen deacon of the church and during these early years, held many important town offices. He must have been an educated man for he and Jabez Davis were the first town surveyors. In the center of his house he built a dark room where the women folk

could gather during thunder storms. Deacon Hale married Hannah Brewer, daughter of Capt. John Brewer. They had seven sons and four daughters. One son, Nathan, was killed at Bemis Heights during the Revolution. Betsy Hale, a descendant, was living in the house in 1885.

William was an enterprising man and saw the future possibilities found in a new township. When Hop Brook territory was opened for settlement he took Lot No. 13 for himself and later deeded it to his sons, William, John and Gideon Hale.

Back at the Four Corners, opposite Art School Road, is the Mt. Hunger Road and on its right is Garfield Gables. Rev. William Williams of Weston drew this Lot No. 38 which he transferred to Isaac Gearfield of Weston. Isaac came to Housatonic Township No. 1 in April 1739 at the age of 22. In three years he was on the committee to find a minister. Isaac married Mary, daughter of Capt. John Brewer, who was also born in Weston. In 1762 Isaac Gearfield was chosen a selectman; that same year his house was appointed a work house (for the poor) and he the Master of the Work House. In 18 years he owned a mill in South Tyringham.

A descendant of his, Helen Garfield, wrote in 1905: "My great grandfather and a comrade were the first settlers of the town and were there three months before seeing any other human being". Some of Isaac Gearfield's (Garfield) sons settled in Hop Brook.

BEARTOWN

Beartown, once the stronghold of wolves, bears and men, is located on top of the mountain between the Old Center, Monterey, and South Lee. Along the ridge of this mountain was a string of farms and homes of many, perhaps most, of the earliest settlers of the town. Traffic through this settlement was constant, going to and coming from the market centers along the Connecticut and Hudson Rivers.

Wolves harassed the farmers, raiding and killing their flocks and livestock until in desperation the voters offered a generous bounty for their hides. Bears were so numerous that posses were formed to hunt them at night. During one of these hunts, John Chadwick found a man as far up a tree as he could get, the bear at the foot, complacently waiting. After his rescue imagine that man's chagrin for weeks thereafter. He never did live to hear the last of it for from that day to this, the mountain has been known as Beartown.

Sturdy were the dwelling houses these men built from virgin timber in the forests close by, with plenty of rocks for the foundations and chimneys, and always a bubbling spring on the house lot. This rugged mountain top called for sturdy men, too. They had to be tough, both physically and mentally, frugal also, in order to survive as long as they did. The ministers found it pretty difficult to get any kind of a contribution from these men. A circuit preacher, after a vain attempt, once said, "It is as hard to convert one of these Beartown men as it is for a shad to climb an apple tree, yea, tail foremost".

Brush-filled cellar holes and some overgrown family burial plots remain to indicate where once the earliest inhabitants lived and labored. Only two homesteads are now standing, the Arieal house on the Monterey end of the road and toward the South Lee line the Riggs house, now used as a camp. Most of the land, now a State Reservation, has been reforested, and the road is well maintained.

Tradition says that one of the Taylors, a proprietor, built the Arieal house, but for many summers, the Menassa Fairbanks' descendants returned to visit this, the home of their ancestors. Some years later Charles Ball lived there, moving to South Lee where he started a brick yard and built a home next to it, now "Oak and Spruce." West of the Arieal place, on the upper side of the road, lived Billy McCarthy, whose ancestors sailed from Ireland to New Foundland, then treked down into Otis and eventually into Tyingham. Around 1880, McCarthy was well known throughout Berkshire for his fine stallions. It is thought that he may have been the first man in these parts to own a threshing machine, for each autumn he traveled from farm to farm renting it out. At the corner of Brace Road stood the Amos Langdon or Lankton place, later known as the Worden house, where the Huggins family lived. Near by were the O'Haras, the Notewires and toward South Lee lived the Phillips and Bossidy families.

Down Orton Hill, leading into Monterey, once lived the Battel family. Lafayette Battel, the last to live on that old place, moved to a house by the junction of the Lake Buel and Great Barrington roads. He lived alone, old and feeble, and was murdered one night for a few paltry dollars.

Down Orton Hill into the Old Center can be seen the Harmon-Everitt house, standing in a dilapidated condition. It was built about 1798 by Col. Giles Jackson for the second resident minister, Rev. Joseph Avery, who preached in the second church, next door. It must have been a lovely home with its narrow windows, huge fireplaces, cupboards, paneling and welcoming doorway. It is hoped someone will restore this, one of the oldest houses in Monterey.

Quite likely, John Brewer or his son, sawed the timbers for these older houses as well as for his own, which one history says was the first frame house in Township No. 1. Brewer's first dwelling house was located in the triangle at the Y of the Sandisfield and Monterey main roads, well back in the field from the stone house. Remains of the old stockade, when this was one of the forts built during the French and Indian War scare, exist. Soon after, Brewer built a better home on the main road in the present village of Monterey. This was beautifully restored by Rev. Chase when he owned it. In one of the rooms is the Christian door with the cut-out hearts in the two upper panels. This is a fascinating old house! Capt. John Brewer had thirteen children and in 1829 his son, Col. Josiah Brewer, had fifty-six descendants.

When the earliest houses in North Tyingham or Hop Brook, are considered, there is no proof of the oldest. The majority of houses still standing are one hundred or more years old. Early historians speak of a Davis as one of the first to settle in or near Sodom. Doubt-

less this was Jabez Davis as deeds indicate he owned property in town. His name is signed to the first church covenant Sept. 25, 1750 . . . The "upper" house in Sodom was standing before 1800. In 1896 this old brown house had all the earmarks of a very early structure. It was built in a bank with entrances from two ground levels. The lower level doorway opened into a kitchen with a huge stone fireplace at the back, the crane and andirons were still intact. At the north end was the but'ry; back of the kitchen, from a dark cellar, a narrow stairway led to the second floor. Here was a very large, low-ceiling room with a door that opened into an apple orchard. Three small bedrooms were back of this room.

Records prove that Isaac Davis settled on the "Lower Hop Lands" which was ultimately incorporated in the town of Lee. He first lived in a log cabin until he built a frame house which still stands as the ell of the McAllister house at the corner of Fernside and South Lee roads. By 1764 "Isaac Davis and others petitioned the town that they may consider him a voter" and the treasurer was ordered to pay him three pounds rebate, "as he lived so remote from the schoolhouse as to be without benefit of same". Again, 'tis said that one Pixley was first to settle on the Lower Hop Lands where Frank Carrington resides. But how can one say who was "First"!

In 1762 Deacon Thomas Orton moved from the Old Center, over the Royal Hemlock Road, to what is now Fernside and lived in a log cabin until he could build himself a dwelling house. This stood at the north corner of Brace and Fernside Roads. The last person to occupy it was Joe Stepp in 1880, who did farm work for Dr. Jones when the latter owned the Shaker property, including this, called South House. His wife, Emily, died there.

This nice old building intrigued the young girls in the village because it was said to be haunted. A group of them would climb "Cobble" just to get a thrill at seeing the place and hoping someday to meet a ghost. The front door, partly open, hung by one hinge, the ell with woodshed attached, had caved in. Cautiously, they would climb from the flat stone up to the doorsill and peek into the front rooms on either side of the hallway. When the old rose bush scraped across the window or a shutter banged in the wind, they scampered. Etched in memory is that doorway with its pointed lintel and narrow windows on either side, the heavy plank door, the huge fireplaces with flaked, painted paneling around them, as well as the imaginary spooks. South House was demolished when the late George Wise built his modern home higher on the hill.

Not far up Brace Road one can find remains of the old-time Bristol home, later the Brace home. Still farther up, at the end of a lane, stands the Brasee house used by descendants until around 1930. Somewhere along the way lived a Collins.

The State of Connecticut had a school fund invested in land and farms, or mortgages on same, in these new Housatonic Townships. One of these was a tract of land, not far from the Old Center, at the

top of Smith Hill. Miss Waring's book, "Early American Wall Stencils", says that Aaron Canfield built the Smith house in 1799 but found it too much to maintain, so he sold it to Oliver Smith in 1815. Some of the stencilling on the walls was bright and clear after 136 years, when Marshall Stedman owned it. His estate sold it in 1936 to Miss Sarah Shiras who had the house burned. According to town records the town pound was built on this place.

Below the Smith house were two story-and-a-half style houses, both gone. Around the early 1800's Mrs. Bentley had a hat shop in one. Ladies from neighboring towns just loved to buy their hats and bonnets from her because hers seemed a bit more stylish. The other house was owned by a Butler family.

At the foot of Smith Hill, McCarty Road runs north to Jerusalem and along this road were several farms, lost in obscurity. The first was owned by a man named Bills, then by J. Cheevers and last by Jim McCarty and William Stedman. Beyond was E. McCarty and a McGinnis.

Heman Heath, son of William of Sodom, first owned the Dort house standing where the West Otis road starts to climb. This property stayed with his descendants until the Gardner Estate sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Dort. Mrs. Dort uses it for a summer home. Another son of William Heath, Addison, lived and raised a large family in a house farther up Graden Hill. This was originally the Brayman farm, referred to many times in early records. Opposite this house was an old road that led past the Doud-Barnes-Twing homestead on to Smith Hill. This was the route, used by the south-end inhabitants, to the churches at the Old Center. This farm property extended to Mt. Hunger, back of Lake Garfield.

Francis Clark of Middletown, Conn., with his wife, Mary Johnson, emigrated to Tyringham in 1773 and settled on Road 19 (Main road) in the present Gelsleichter house. Records show what an enterprising man he was. His holdings were extensive and he must have been a man of considerable means, for there are copies of notes given him by Jonathan Chapin, Roswell Denison and others to be paid in wool, "store sheepe", neat cattle, etc., with interest. Clark built several houses in town, including his own, dealt in cattle, dairy products, horses and was a noted trader throughout the territory. His son, Hamlin, was administrator of his estate in 1813. Aaron Garfield built his coffin for \$2.25. Oliver Crapen produced his gravestone for \$21.

As far as can be learned Solomon Garfield was the next owner of this house, followed by Martin Stedman who owned it four years, then sold out the property of 96 acres for \$5000. In 1871 he sold to Stephen Johnson from Middletown, Conn. Ownership continued with the Johnson heirs until William Gelsleichter bought it during the Depression.

Either Francis Clark or his son, Hamlin, built the house at the end of the main road where John McLennon lives. Perhaps Francis lived there in his old age with his son for this farm was first a part

of the one just described. Doubtless it was built when Hamlin was married to Cynthia Heath. This farm too, remained in the Clark family until the Daniel Clark estate sold to Mr. Tytus in 1905.

North of the Francis Clark-Gelsleichter farm, bordering the brook, stood the school house and opposite this was a lane leading to the Gilbert Beach home. This was originally a part of the Solomon Garfield property. Only a bit of the foundation and a gushing spring of water signify where once flourished a farm home.

Beyond, at the corner of Fenn Road, is the summer home of the McDowell's. Isaac Gearfield (Garfield) from the Mt. Hunger Road in South Tyringham, was among the first to take a lot in North Tyringham or Hop Brook, when it was surveyed. He, and wife Mary, deeded this property to their son, Lieut. Solomon, in 1735 for the "consideration of 100 pounds English money". The original lot included the Beach farms on Fenn Road and across the main road on the lane. From Lieut. Gearfield it passed to his son, Solomon; from him to Elijah and then to son, Wallace. Wallace Garfield sold it to Mr. Tytus. John M., a brother of Elijah, also inherited an interest in the farm but after he married Sabrina Hubbard, living next door, he moved to Minnesota. Sabrina owned the first sewing machine in town which was used for many years into the next generation. This was an up and coming family for Elijah owned the first buggy in town and became the envy of all the young men. In fact, some of the fellows borrowed it once in a while to take their girls for a ride on Sunday evenings.

Dan Fowler, before he died, wrote that in 1845, Elijah Garfield's was a famous place to get good cider. He said, "He knew how to make it so it would keep. I won't say how he made it keep, but he knew!" He continued, "The last time I saw Mr. Garfield, he was old and had, in a great measure, lost his mental faculties. I asked him what he did to pass away the time and he said that he mended guns". From family and town records it appears that old Isaac Gearfield's sons and descendants spread all over the town during the first century of its history.

On the Fenn Road the first farm, once a part of the Garfield holdings, was owned by Julius Beach and son, Edmond. Julius had tired of climbing Webster Road to his farm at the top of the mountain and bought this property of Garfield. Successive owners were Isaac Tinker and the last occupant was a Duncan family. When Mr. Duncan (colored) died his widow moved to Lee and the property transferred to Tytus. Beyond here was the H. Crittenden farm that passed to T. Fenn and when they moved to Southfield, to Harvey Tilleson who kept it about four years, then swapped it for a home in Pittsfield. Shortly, Tytus acquired it. Beyond this, in an upland meadow opening east toward Sodom, is a crumbled stone foundation that once held Ebenezer and William Heath's cabin built when they came from Coventry, Conn. to Tyringham. It's only a short walk from here down the hill into Sodom.



Giles and Eber Slater Home



Fireplace in above home

North of the McDowell house stands a charming old house, owned as a summer home, by Edward Reynolds of Cambridge. Elisha Heath and his father, Lieut. Isaac, came to town about the same time as Francis Clark, round 1773, and built this house. Elisha and Francis were close friends and very happy when Elisha's daughter, Cynthia, married Francis's son Hamlin. (Lieut. Isaac is buried in the Paper Mill cemetery). Somewhere about 1796 Heath sold to Hubbard. By that time this was a very busy place. There were several small buildings and shops in back of the house where Camp Brook flows down from the mountain. Hubbard's cider mill was one, a sawmill and Barker's cobbler's shop others. Many years later the shoe shop was moved to the foot of Smith Hill and used as a home. Mr. Vincent was the owner when it burned, not long ago. Harlow Hubbard sold the farm to Adolphus Bliss, and went west with his daughter, Mrs. Sabrina Garfield. William Bliss, son of Adolphus, lived there until he died and the Reynolds bought.

The next house north stands on what was the lot that Deacon William Hale took when Hop Brook started settlement. His son William, born 1748, built a house here before the Revolution. It might have been located across the ravine, perhaps just a log cabin, (tradition is mixed and vague) or it might have been the house where Mrs. Duane Slater lives. It is known that John and wife, Abigail, lived in the latter while William went to war. After William's return John built a part of the present Hale house where George Hale lives. John's sons Eli, Gilbert and John were born there.

It is not known the year that Capt. Ezekiel Hearick came from what is now called Hepzibah Heights in Monterey, to North Tyingham to live but he was here right after the Revolution, is certain. He was born in Coventry, Conn., enlisted in the War and served under Col. Brown in his Berkshire Regiment in 1777; again under Col. John Ashley, Brig. Gen. Fellows and was discharged in the fall of 1781. Capt. Hearick also served as Representative to the General Court in Boston and was prominent in town affairs. He must have been a man of strong convictions for in 1782 he was fined for refusing to serve as constable. He was a man of considerable means too, for in 1808 he decided to have for himself and family a modern, substantial house to live in.

On May 23, 1808 there was drawn an article of agreement made between Capt. Ezekiel Hearick and Francis Clark. Clark to "build a dwelling house for said Hearick of the following dimensions: viz: to be 32 feet by 26 feet on the ground one story and a half or the posts 12 feet. Said Hearick is to find all the materials for Building (except the Bricks and Lime) viz: the nails, boards, shingles, paint, oil and joists, braces and studs and to deliver the same on the Building Spot. Hearick to board the workmen and Provide for the Raising. Said Clark is to do the work and finish the house throughout according to Common Method of Building. The cellar to be under the whole building with a kitchen room, fireplace and oven in the same. Said Clark is to draw the stone, Lay the wall with a decent underpinning to the same,

the underpinning not to be hewn but plain and Decent. Said Hearick is to provide a yoke of oxen assisting with another yoke in drawing the stone and timber. The Joiner work to be done after the manner of the Francis Clark House except one room to be done with pannel work as high as the windows if said Hearick chooses. The work to be completed by the first of January in the year 1809. The house to be painted, the part inside and out. The plastering to be whitewashed". Clark was to receive \$350. to be paid as follows: \$100. Sept. 1, next in warrented obligations upon other men. The next payment January following, \$100. in neat cattle. The remainder in two years or before in current money of the times. Dated May 23, 1808. Below is written:

One U. S. Note of Capt. Hearick

No 1921 to amt. \$20. One Bridgeport

Note of 25 Dols. No. 3375

This is the old Deacon Jerome Crittenden home where Dr. Rustin McIntosh lives. In 1855 Nathan Rowley owned and repaired the house, making it two stories high and built a brick part to the cellar.

It was here, either in this house or one before it, that Sibyl Hearick was visiting her Uncle Ezekiel when the Indian scare occurred. This is the story as Edwin Tyrrel remembered and told it during his last years—"It was in the old church on the Carrington property that the people were assembled one Sunday morning, when a small party of Indians, who were passing through the town on their way from Canton or Simsbury, Conn. to Stockbridge, so frightened the few that had stayed at home in Hop Brook. Mrs. Abigail Hale and her son, Eli, were living in a house that stood where Charles Hale (George now) lives. About noon they heard a gun and Eli thought it was someone shooting game for a sick person at Mr. Heath's, at the next house east, so he went out to inquire how the sick person was. He met five Indians with guns and spoke to them, then went to see some cattle in the pasture. Soon after meeting the Indians he heard another shot and turned back home.

His mother saw the Indians crossing the little brook on a log, as there was no bridge there at the time and thinking they had shot Eli, she ran out of the back door across lots to Col. Herricks, who lived where Jerome Crittenden has since lived. The Herrick family were at church, all except Sibyl, a niece of Col. Hearicks, and two small children. Sibyl hid the children with Mrs. Hale, in a field of grain and went across the lots, which were mostly woods, till she crossed the brook near the mountain road, just east of the Elijah Garfield place, then turned and went through the swamp and woods to the church. She gave the alarm and soon a party armed with guns were on the way to Hop Brook. The Indians had gone along, stopping at the Solomon Heath house and frightening a woman there who was alone. It was not known that the Indians did any injury to anyone, but the fright was long remembered."

Only some lilac bushes show where the little red house stood, across the road from Hearicks. This was built by Nathan Rowley and Jerome Crittenden and wife, Libbie, started housekeeping there.

Just north of the Herrick-McIntosh house, on the opposite side of the road, is one of the oldest houses in town. It was built by Francis Clark for John Hale, son of Deac. William Hale, so family legend says. It is quite possible that William himself, was the first owner. Aaron Garfield, next owner, had a bootery in the upstairs north end. He was also a carpenter of considerable note. Down through the generations has come the story of little Henry Wilson who went to Garfield and asked for a pair of boots to be made for himself. "Make them big and wide," he said, holding his hands far apart, "big enough to make a track as big as Uncle Byron's foot makes". (Byron Garfield, he referred to.) By 1885 Charles Slater was living there and it had become a center for the young people in that south-end, to gather for singing and entertainment. Mrs. Duane Slater is now living there.

At the foot of the hill lives Charles Slater of the present generation. This house was built about 1820 by Hiram Clark. In 1850 Dwight Thatcher moved in, kept the town's poor, and later sold to Henry Heath who, in turn, sold to Solomon Slater. Across the way is the site of two Slater houses. The first was a small, low building, finally moved back onto McCarty Road and occupied by Evelyn McCarty, next by Lyman Brasee. Another, better house, was built on the same spot which burned in 1876. Then Slater rebuilt on the same foundation, a still more pretentious home and that too, along with the barns, burned in 1906 when Charles E. Cloud owned the farm.

In the field, far back from this location, still stands the oldest Slater home, approached by a lane from McCarty Road. Unscathed by time or progress, alone and hidden by the slow but ever encroachment of nature, this house stands to beckon one backward, like a finger on the hand of Father Time, toward the incorporation days, when it was the home of Giles Slater. Giles lived in his log cabin for a time while this house was being built and the land cleared. It could be that the land came to him as his wife's dowry, for her father, Capt. John Brewer, owned most of the mountain side and Giles was an appraiser of his estate. In April 1792 this house was appointed a "work house" by the town fathers. Eber Slater, son of Giles, continued ownership when the farm land reached from McCarty Road to the County Road. After the next generations took up residence on the Main or County Road, the farm was sold to Byron Couch who in turn sold the homestead and 150 acres to Horace Langdon in 1887 for \$2500. The house is now the vacation home of actor-playright, William Roerick.

"Bricks were made in this valley as early as 1795", so recorded Daniel Clark. From this brick yard, near the Gelsleichter house, came the brick to build the one brick house in town, for Ira Brewer in 1799. The house stands today, "plumb north and south" as it was originally built. It remained in the Brewer family for many years. In the 1870's the long, second floor, front room was the gathering place for neighborhood dances. In a deed of 1903 is recorded the transfer of this farm by Emma Brewer to Charles E. Cloud who later sold to the present owner, Mrs. Hiscox. Although a bit decrepit in outward appearance today, upon entering, one senses a certain antiquated dignity to this fine old house.

Looking northward, the next house that boasts a record, is the Wilbur Clark home. The scrapbook says, William Heath of Sodom, built it in 1789, before the Main Road was established in 1800". William died there in 1850, a very aged man. After further research and comparison of dates, it appears that this might have been William, son of William of Sodom. When a William died there it was the home of Lucian, son of the second William. Lucian Heath was a character, often quoted by his children and grandchildren. One never questioned his statements for he was an opinionated person. When he decided to sell his farm, a prospective buyer, looking it over, asked Lucian if the land was rich. "Rich", says Lucian, picking up a handful of dirt and thrusting it toward him, "smell of it and see for yourself how rich it is!" He doubtless stood near the barnyard.

A neighbor asked Lucian what time it was. After pulling and tugging he got the watch out from his pocket. "It's four o'clock", said Lucian, "and that's correct. This watch is *always* right". Nodding his head emphatically, he continued, "if that sun over there don't rise by this timepiece, the sun is late". Too old to work his farm, he sold out and moved to the Fargo house, next to the Post Office, where Walter Stedman lives. There they both died; he, dogmatic to the end. The last night he lived, neighbors came in to watch. His wife seized the opportunity to have the last word—just for once. She came into the room where Lucian lay unconscious, moaning. She called, "Great cry, little war", then held the lamp high over his head, "Get up, you old reprobate, get up and get to work, the sun's rising". But for the first time in her life, there was no answer. Not to be outdone, so it seemed, six months later he called her to him.

At the foot of Cemetery Hill is a house and small farm belonging to the estate of Clifford Canon. This house was built by Hiram Clark for Breckenridge when he operated the rake factory below, about the middle of the nineteenth century. The land was included in the old Wilson estate when he lived where Mr. Pickens does, toward the schoolhouse. Before that it belonged with the Solomon Heath extensive holdings. Sergeant Solomon Heath built a house for his son, Salmon, on the site of Harry Loring's house, across from the cemetery. Ownership continued in the Heath family for several generations. Lieut. Solomon, (son of Ebenezer and Wife, Lydia of Framingham and Coventry), died in the smallpox epidemic that continued after the Revolution. His is a lonely grave, apart by itself, in a pine grove on the hillside back of the store. The land once belonged to his farm. The house, with George Bosworth in it, burned in recent years.

At different times throughout the 19th century, some member of the Heath family has owned about every part of our present Tyringham. They were a prolific tribe and most enterprising. Their original large holdings were divided for their children and again for their children's children. Now, the only heir left in town by the name of Heath is John.

For architectural beauty, the finest was the De Witt Heath home, located on a knoll across the brook, back of the library. It held a com-

manding view of Hop Brook and the church. Squire Thomas Garfield patterned this house after some of the beautiful old, square houses in Connecticut whence he came in 1794. It had a broad central hall extending from the front entrance to the back entrance. Many, many days before central heating, families who came to church from outlying districts, gathered around the great fireplace in the south front room during the noon hour to eat their lunch, for church meetings then, lasted all day, and the parishioners traveled by cart or horseback. In its last years the property changed ownership often. Mr. De Forest, brief owner, sold to Mrs. Shepell, in 1948, who was having it renovated and restored before occupancy. Workmen burned some rubbish in an attic fireplace and during the night someone discovered the whole structure ablaze. This was a tragic loss to the charm of the village.

The gingerbread-trimmed cottage between the two bridges was once a plain, low, brown building, occupied in early days by a Fargo. He conducted a store there and at one period it held the Post Office. When the West Brothers owned the Wrapping Mill near by, they too, had a store there. For many years after that George Garfield occupied it as a home and made alterations and additions. Frank Dorman, then Irem Smith followed in ownership.

Trustum Stedman, Jr. bought 50 acres of land of Ezra, Abijah and Edmund Heath for \$1400. and built the front part of the Warren house—so called—across from the town hall. Col. Francis Hearick held the mortgage. For many years George R. Warren and wife, Etta, owned the property. Mr. Warren who was a civic-minded individual, was town clerk, sexton of the M.E. church, sang in the choir, conducted a wagon shop, was a painter, raised bees and the life of every party that took place in the community. His wife took in summer guests.

Not much is known about Walter Stedman's home, between the Post Office and the Warren house, only that a Fargo lived there before Lucian Heath. Around 1900, a widow, Margaret Crittenden, owned it and left it to the Methodist Church for a parsonage. It was used as such until they sold and bought the present parsonage, next to the church.

The house north of Warren's was the Albert Thompson home. His daughter, Frances, was born there in 1839. From 1844 to '50, Rev. George Phippen, Baptist minister, occupied this house. Fifty years later James Seymour and his mother owned it. In recent years Arthur Gilmore and family had possession.

From here north to Orchard House, the houses were built during the middle of the 19th century, about the time of the paper mill era. A Chafin built the John Heath house and the home of the late Mrs. Blanche Rouse which was the Baptist parsonage. One of the Websters from East Mountain lived in Mrs. Olds' House. He built that, the Reber and the Darey houses.

Stephen Johnson moved from Middletown, Conn. with his family to the Paper Mill District in Tyngham about 1830. He built his home

against the hill across the road from Hop Brook. It was a small house but as the family grew, in future generations, additions were made until it became the long, rambling Orchard House. His daughter, Maria, did the baking for the Paper Mill Boarding House below. There, in the large but'ry over the hatchway, she would stand most of the day making bread, pies and gingercake for the ravenous mill-hands. At sundown the prints of her feet were left on the flour-covered floor by the shelf where she baked up a whole barrel of flour. Daniel Heath worked in the sawmill across the way and it was an easy matter, when he ate dinner at the boarding house, to discover what a wonderful cook Maria was. To this day 'tis said the nearest way to a man's heart is via his stomach. It's suspected that is the way Maria Johnson caught Daniel Heath. They were married and went to housekeeping in the cottage next to Orchard House. When the old folks died, Daniel and Maria built an addition to the second floor and moved into the old house. Here they raised three daughters; Anna married Charles Hale, Etta married George Warren and Sarah married William Canon. (The first telephone switchboard in town was installed in the south front room on the street level, in 1905. It was operated by Sarah's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Cannon. Each noon she gave the signal, one long ring, followed by the time and weather report. Everyone listened in. Before this the only telephone in town was a pay station in Tinker's Store.)

Sarah's eldest child was Beulah, who started a Boarding House-Inn in 1908 when the Tytus mansion was being built. Many of the Scandinavian workmen boarded with her. That winter brought severe cold and deep snows which these men thoroughly enjoyed. On weekends they gathered in the rake shop below to fashion and polish their skis. Evenings and Sundays the villagers congregated to watch them demonstrate their skill in this new sport. The natives quickly caught on and soon every boy in town had a pair of skis. Perhaps this was Berkshire County's first introduction to this now popular winter sport.

These boarders were the inception for Miss Cannon's small but exclusive Orchard House Inn. During her forty-two years of operation, distinguished names in literature, art, music, finance, diplomacy and society were entered in her register. Soon after Orchard House opened as an Inn, Alice Hegan Rice came there to write "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch". In 1912 Jean Webster, niece of Mark Twain, made a two week reservation, only to stay six months and write the book, "Daddy Long Legs". The next year she returned with Anne Crawford Flexner (Mrs. Abraham) to dramatize it. During the Institute of Politics at Williams College, Miss Cannon opened her inn to twelve different nationalities attending the Institute. Three generations of the De Courcy Hard family from Cederhurst, L. I. are listed among her guests. For many years Mrs. Bayard James was a frequent guest and even after Mrs. James built "Port Apple" near by, she continued as a dinner guest, along with Mrs. Samuel Reber, to enjoy Miss Cannon's famous "homespun" cooking.

Other names found in the register are Peggy Woods, Ruth Chatterton, Sinclair Lewis and Mary Miller, the poetess. Loren Ford will long be remembered for the long black cape she wore swinging from her shoulders, reminding one of a witch. Janet Beecher spent one summer there, studying for the part of a young woman she was to take in New York that fall. She was too attractively plump for the part and her director requested a slim-down. There were no reducing salons in Tyringham so Miss Beecher devised her own, right in the court-yard garden. Each morning, when the sun was high in midsummer, the actress stood in the unshaded garden and shook herself until the perspiration rolled in little rivulets, down her face and body. No one ever heard how many pounds she lost but it must have been sufficient, for she went on stage on schedule. And think—she did her exercises to the tune of bird songs, not radio!

That was the year Miss Beecher was divorcing her husband, Hoffman. She had their young son and nursemaid with her. One day Hoffman sent his sister to visit the boy. She took the little fellow for a friendly stroll down the street. At the foot of Paper Mill Hill a car and chauffeur waited and they disappeared in it. A few days later a lawyer appeared looking for witnesses but no one was available. This kidnapping was the sensational high-light of that summer.

North of Orchard House stood the "Long House" of four tenements built in the opulent days of the Platner and Smith Paper Mill. Later, employees of the rake factory flowed in and out, like the tides of the ocean, as they migrated from town to town. The building remained mostly in its original state but became "shop-worn" and was removed in 1936.

Across from the rake factory is the house built by Justus Battle from virgin-tree timbers, sawed in the mill across the road. Battle branded the date, 1793, in the tongue of the hand-wrought, iron latch on the plank door. In the north front bedroom under the wall paper is the original black and red stencilling done by the journeyman artist, Eaton, as he passed through Berkshire County. It is not known exactly who the first inhabitant of this house was. It might have been anyone of these men who first ventured in mill business or a son of the builder; there is no question of its use as a boarding house for the paper mill. The attic was finished off into three rooms and these were the sleeping quarters for the male help. The girls who worked in the paper mill occupied the second floor rooms in the ell. In 1920 some of their names inscribed on a closet door were legible. Many of these girls married Lee men who later became prominent in business there. Across the back of the main second floor was one long room where dances were held. "Wellie" Thompson was the last superintendent of the mill and one of his duties was to arouse the help at 4.30 in the morning for breakfast so they could be ready in time for work. He never had much trouble getting the girls up but with the men in the attic it was a different story.

As previously stated, Maria Johnson was the cook and much of her baking was done in the chimney brick oven in the cellar. To get down

there she had to lift a heavy trap door under the dining room table. Several times she had taken her problem of inconvenience to the mill owners but to no avail. One day Mr. Smith came to dinner. She needed more bread from the oven, so asked him to lift the door for her. Soon after that carpenters arrived and said they had orders to build some cellar stairs.

After Elizah Smith moved his business to Lee, for a time the old boarding house was empty. It began to deteriorate so that when Charles Stedman bought the property he replaced the small pane windows, removed the old center chimney and modernized it in many ways. When Marshall Stedman took possession he immediately installed modern plumbing. He and Miss Cannon were the first in town to enjoy the comforts of bathrooms. In the fall of 1904 Mr. Stedman supplied his house with electricity from a dynamo in the rake factory, the first in town to boast of modern lighting. Shortly the two stores, the library and Main Street were electrified. The town was literally in the limelight.

At the foot of the hill is another house built by the same Justus Battle, prior to the one just mentioned. This he built for himself and family, on much the same lines, only larger. It was occupied by Justus, Jr. and his wife Bathsheba. She sold it in 1814 to Ezra Heath and took a transfer from the church. Justus Battle Senior left town for the Connecticut Reserves in 1831. When Asa Judd came to town to enter the paper mill business he bought the house and farm of the Heaths. Somewhere along the line Henry Heath, son of Capt. Ezra, acquired the property and sold in 1836 to Lucian B. Moore.

The wealthy and notables from New York and Boston soon discovered the charm and beauty of the Berkshire Hills. By 1878 Stockbridge and Lenox, on the Housatonic Railroad line, were famous as resort towns. In the spring long trains of the so-called Four Hundred and their employees, horses and equipage puffed into these resorts. A few, less affluent, families found their way to the more isolated sections. Lucian Moore, alert to the opportunities of the times and noting the success of Dr. Jones at Fernside, named his place Riverside Farm and advertised for summer boarders. Before this, in the local items of an 1880 weekly paper was, "City boarders at W. W. Thompsons and Heman Heaths". So these four ushered in the new business of paying-guests which lasted until Orchard House closed as an Inn in 1949.

It was Mr. Moore who first attracted the famous men who later bought many of the hill-farms, to become permanent summer residents. One of his first guests was Mrs. M. F. Hazen of New York, who purchased the Shaker North Family farm. She was followed soon by Richard Watson Gilder, Robert Rudd, Mrs. Andrews, John Hutton, Hon. Francis E. Leupp, H. C. Fordham, Robb de P. Tytus and others.

Riverside guests included such notables as Mr. Hollister of the Eden Musee, Simon Flexner, Edith M. Thomas, Hamilton Mabie, C Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Adele Aus der Ohe, Mary Hallock Foote and others. John R. Procter was a guest there for ten successive summers (1896-1906).

Grover Cleveland received much publicity throughout the summer he stayed there. Especially interested in fishing, Mr. Cleveland angled in all the Tyringham streams and lakes in the surrounding territory. It was not only his good friend, Mr. Gilder, but also Hop Brook running through the village that enticed Mr. Cleveland to summer at Riverside Inn. On Memorial Day 1899, Mr. Moore provided Cleveland with a horse and carriage and driver to take him to the south end of the village to fish in Hop Brook. The driver let him out at the school-house bridge and Grover started casting up the stream. The speckled beauties were tantalizing that morning as they dashed from under the overhanging banks and leaped for an insect in the air. Heedless of the No-Trespass signs on the fence posts or the farmer hoeing his tobacco in the meadow, Mr. Cleveland worked his way up stream. Suddenly a voice rent the air, "Hey, you fat fellow, clear out of that trout brook or, b'gosh, I'll hoe ye!" Startled, Cleveland looked up and saw Frank Johnson striding toward him with hoe upheld. He said afterward that Johnson looked like a wild bull charging. The former Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army knew when it was time to retreat, so he started for the fence as fast as his 300 pounds could make it. The top rail of the fence crushed under that weight, like a timber from a burning barn, carrying the second rail with Grover to the ground. Somehow, Grover got to his feet and down the road to the carriage, still hanging on to his fishpole. By the horse he turned to see Johnson standing by the fence, swinging his hoe and yelling something about the hole in the fence. Then Grover distinctly heard, "That's the time I made you skedaddle! I've got even with that man Cleveland, b'gosh!". But did he, really? Grover had a big trout dangling from his line as he crawled, out of breath, into the carriage.

Someone asked Johnson why he'd do such a thing to an Ex-President. "Wa'll", sez he, "I'm an independent chap, even if I am a farmer, and I stock this brook at my own expense." He pulled a red bandana from his pocket and wiped his nose, "I ain't allowing no poachin' or fishin' here. I don't give a rap whether it's a big gun or a little one, they'll get bounced if I catch 'em". The truth of the matter was that Johnson was especially sore at Cleveland's administration for the reduction of tax on tobacco by the Wilson Bill.

Mrs. Cleveland enjoyed the village life as much as her husband did his fishing. She was quite familiar with the locality even before they summered in Tyringham, for she had been to Mt. Lebanon Shakers and ordered a Shaker cloak made which she wore at the President's inauguration. One hot, July morning she walked into the village store to make a few purchases. Gene Tinker, himself, waited on her. Mrs. Cleveland, a plump, motherly sort of person, appeared like any housewife who was out to do her marketing. Tinker took her for one of the maids at the Inn so he greeted her with the question, "Well, how's old Grover this morning? How does the old fellow stand this hot weather?" The Ex-President's wife looked somewhat surprised but smiled and replied, "Oh, he stands it as well as anyone as stout as he is", and went out. A man standing the other side of the room, offered,

Note: Mr. Cleveland was a guest at the Gilder home in 1899 and at Riverside in 1901.

"Tinker, do you know who that was you were just talking to?" "Sure, one of the maids at Riverside," confidently answered the storekeeper. "That was none other than Mrs. Grover Cleveland herself", stated the recent listener. Tinker's jaw dropped, he stared at the man, "God, no, it can't be, she had on an apron"! News of the assassination of President McKinley came to Mr. Cleveland while he was fishing on Laurel Lake in Lee.

Mrs. Moore was lauded as a wonderful cook. On chilly days the long dining room glowed from the big fireplace; on sunny days the sun filtered through lacy vines in the bay window opposite. The gleaming silver and glistening glass on the table attracted both young and old to the hearty and sometimes mysterious foods prepared by Mrs. Moore and her help in the kitchen beyond. Unmindful of the kitchen flies or barn odors, farm fare to city folks, was a "conversation piece" for days to come. The Sunday night suppers of corn meal mush and rich cream were elevated to the press columns. In place of mush and cream, Moore gave the farm help bread and milk for supper. Bill Partridge, a well-known character in town, worked for Moore. One night the workmen had sour milk with their mush. After supper Moore heard a great confusion in his barnyard. Rushing outside to learn the cause, Moore found Bill chasing the cows with a stick. "Hey there, what are you doing to my cows"? yelled Moore. "I'll teach these dank cows to give sour milk, I will. I'll thrash them for that", snapped Bill.

Lucian had a Billy goat, the bane of all his neighbors. He destroyed young orchards, chewed clothes drying on the lines, nipped men's heels and at night slept on neighboring porches. One meticulous housewife, desperate from washing her porch every morning, threatened Mr. Moore that if he didn't confine that Billy goat, she would dispose of him in her own way. Shortly Billy disappeared. One afternoon the boarders exclaimed over the delicious lamb they had for dinner, and the help, curiously enough, enjoyed the same menu. Later on, during a gossip festival out in the barn, George Swan, the cow man, told how, the week before, he had helped butcher the Billy. And that was the lamb everyone had been raving about that afternoon. A sensitive native lad, standing by, was suddenly awful sick and quit his job as bus-boy in the dining room, right then and there.

There were many gay times during the summer season at Riverside Inn. The natives were accepted by the guests and both mingled for entertainment and fun. Sometimes the boarders gave an entertainment for the benefit of their neighbors. One such was especially memorable. Mrs. Moore cleared the center of her spacious dining room and two guests with blackened faces and dude clothes, demonstrated the latest, the Cake Walk, right from the big city. What a hit that made!

Mr. Moore and the town reciprocated with plenty of country entertainment for his guests and the city folk lapped it up. They entered into the fun at strawberry and ice cream festivals on the church lawn by the light of Japanese lanterns, hayrides on moonlight nights, boating and fishing on Hayes Pond and picnics galore.

Lucian Moore had an eye for business in more ways than one. He wasn't above pushing a line fence over on a vacant property or springing a shady deal in real estate, or selling cider, or even a quart or two from his imported Kentucky whisky. He attended church regularly, lustily sang the hymns, then slept through the sermon. He also had an eye for civic promotion and no doubt did more to further the popularity of Tyringham as a resort than anyone before or since. The summer residents dubbed him, "The Father of the Valley". The town can thank this man for their unique library building, for he worked long and arduously to raise the funds to produce it. He was a typical Yankee.

Beyond Riverside, at the upper corner of Webster Road once stood a little brown house built about 1775 by either Elisha or Lyman Brown, whichever was the doctor. Evidently Brown and his neighbor, Justus Battle, Jr., quarreled, for they were in court over some disagreement in 1820. Miss Hyde conducted a private school there at one time. Dwight Thatcher was chairman of the school board and didn't exactly approve of a private school in town. He was very proud of his new teacher, Harmony Clark, so to prove that the public school was just as efficient, or more so, he challenged Miss Hyde to let her pupils participate in a public examination along with Miss Clark's. She accepted but to her disappointment her pupils failed in an example in partial payment. Harry Howland owned the house at the time and was superintendent of the Platner and Smith paper mill. In 1865 he demolished the old house and built a new one on modernistic lines of that period. Today it is used as a summer home by the Gilder-Miller families but bears slight resemblance to Howland's place.

The Gilder-Palmer farm, Four Brooks, is one of the oldest in town and has had only three family owners during its entire existence. Justus Battle settled here in a log cabin on the side of the mountain, during the last of the eighteenth century. Soon he built a part of the house now standing. About 1820 he, or his descendants, sold the farm to John Wesley Sweet, a Methodist preacher, who emigrated from Farmington, Conn. It remained in the Sweet family until purchased by Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *Century Magazine* and poet, of New York in 1897. For the previous four years the family had summered at Riverside. It is still the summer home of Mr. Gilder's descendants.

While Mr. Gilder lived, Four Brooks Farm was the meeting place of many notables in literary, art and musical circles: Actor, Joseph Jefferson; naturalist, John Burroughs; sculptors, Daniel Chester French and August Saint-Gaudens; pianist, Gabrilowitch; artist, Cecilia Beaux; author, Henry Adams and many others. Mr. Gilder and Grover Cleveland were very close friends (Cleveland was his first guest at the farm) and to this was due Cleveland's interest as a sojourner in town. During his last years, Gilder spent more and more time at Four Brooks Farm, where he found inspiration for many of his poems and prose. To Henry Van Dyke, he wrote, "Tyringham is bounded on the north by fountains that never fail, great clouds of

laurel, hills of rock and the Great Bear; on the south by Willow Glen, Tyringham River, the ghosts of Sister Anne and her fellow Shakers, the ponderous shadows of Fernside Forest and the high horizon line of Shaker Hills; on the east by the Purple Dawn, and on the west by a hundred summer sunsets". At another time he called it, "The Valley of the Stars".

John Sweet the 3rd, grandson of the first John Wesley Sweet, lived in the house next door and this too, was purchased by Mr. Gilder. In the summer of 1904, Mr. Gilder rented it to his friend, Mark Twain. Mr. Samuel Clemens, with his daughters, had just returned from Italy where Mrs. Clemens had recently died. It was an unhappy summer for the family and a very quiet one. The place, called Glencote, is owned and occupied summers by Attorney Edward Perkins of New York City.

At the north of Four Brooks stands the home of Donald Davis who conducts Tyringham Galleries in a former barn adjoining. There is no information concerning the date when this house was built nor its first owner. In 1862 it was owned by a man, named Videttoe, when Frederick and Sally Stedman Cone retired from Hickory Farm and came here to live. Both of them lived and died here. In her last days Sally was cared for by George and Lillie Stedman Kopp who inherited it from Sally. George Kopp sold to Benjamin F. Hobron, whose daughter, Marie, married Henry Hudson Kitson, the sculptor.

It was Mr. Kitson who completely changed the appearance of, not only the buildings, but the land. He changed the design of the barn and used it for his studio. The farmers of the town tore down their stone walls and saved the rocks from their plowed fields to dump onto the Kitson property. Thus, he built the chimney on his house to represent smoke rising to the sky and the front of his studio to imitate the grottoes of Europe. The sculptor personally supervised local workmen in the placing of each stone, its contour to conform with its position. Then he visualized a roof in keeping with the rocks. He wanted a thatched roof like those on the country houses in his old haunts in England. For the thatch, he persuaded a few farmers in Tyringham and Lee to raise rye one summer but the venture failed. So he settled for a composition shingle of many thick layers, with blended colors to represent motion—the motion of wind, swirling autumn leaves.

He named his place "Santerella" and along the highway built a brush fence six feet high, to protect himself from curious eyes, which actually defeated his purpose, for greater grew the wonder of the public. The fence was made of dead pea-brush bound by willow strips between posts, crude and unsightly. It became brittle with age and crumbled in spots, making holes for the curious to peek through.

Kitson was an artist and needed to live in an art atmosphere, so it seemed. But some of his ideas augured well the examples of modern art seen today inside the studio. Townspeople called him a "bit titched in the head", for to them his home and studio, inside and out, even his few acres, were plain crazy.

Although Henry Hudson Kitson produced many beautiful memorials throughout the east and south, he expended his energies and finances in producing this art about him, and died penniless. Like the genius he was, Kitson was temperamental. Uncouth in many ways, cruel if he disliked you, amiable if he liked you, he was shunned by town's people and seldom understood. His last days were lonely and barren.

Just beyond and across the road lies Sunset Farm, owned by Arnold and Willis Hale. From a record, Abram Howk owned this property in 1780. Previously he had ventured briefly on East Mountain. Doubtless, he built the oldest part of the Hale house. In a sermon preached by Tyringham's third minister, Rev. Dow, in 1831, is mentioned that Abram died from effects of flesh wounds inflicted by his brother. No one knows if intentional or accidental. Howk sold to a Wilcox and from him it went to Alviras Heath. In 1862 John Hale acquired the property which has been in the Hale family ever since. It is now one of the few productive farms in the valley, producing milk for Crescent Creamery in Pittsfield.

Lady Salter's Hickory Farm was owned by the Cone family in the early 19th century. Then it came into possession of Mrs. Nellie Fuller, daughter of Lucian Moore. During the summer-boarder era, Mrs. Fuller followed the trend and took in summer guests, often the overflow from Riverside Inn. For a time Fred Moore lived there and after that William Tiffany and his brother-in-law, Van de Mark, owned the farm. The little house across the way was always a part of the property. It was built by Cone for Lucian Moore and his wife to start housekeeping in.

Buel Bettis came to town as an itinerant musician. Born in Sandisfield, he had been a roamer all his life. He was tall, jolly, good looking and a "gay blade" as there ever was. He had traveled with Turner's Circus as a clown, later with the J. W. Holtz circus and then with Yankee Robinson. He could play most any kind of musical instrument. In his white beaver hat, long tail coat, polished boots, with a voice of pure Yankee twang, he could easily pass for Uncle Sam. Imagine the swath he cut with the young girls in that country town! They flocked to him like bees to a honeysuckle! Among his admirers was the spinster, Jemima Stedman, daughter of Capt. Tom Stedman on East Mountain. Jemima, slightly deformed since childhood, nevertheless was well educated for that day, and a successful school teacher. School books were as scarce as dashing young men and expensive. She solved the problem by making up her own text books. Intact is one she used in 1825. Although older than Buel, her brilliant mind, quick wit and thriftiness caught the stranger. They were married and lived in the cottage where Raymond Smith lives. Buel had considerable mechanical skill and started in business tinkering watches and clocks, even made clocks. He never was prosperous; the couple never had children of their own but their home was a mecca for groups of youngsters to gather and listen to Buel's fascinating tales of circus life and songs. He lived long after Jemima and died in 1899, age 84, a town charge.

On the same side of the road, beyond, was the Hiram Dorman Farm. William Hale, son of John Hale, married Dorman's daughter, Henrietta, and through a swap of interests in the George Hale farm obtained the Dorman property. William Hale lived there until his retirement in 1896 when he bought the present John Heath home of Marshall and Libbie Stedman. The farm changed hands until James Clark moved off the Webster place on East Mountain and took possession. During his tenure the old house burned and Clark transformed a small building in the rear into a comfortable home. Lady Salter acquired the place a few years ago.

The red house across the road was the George Gardner place, and Gilder Palmer now owns it.

At the foot of the hill, beyond Breakneck Road, stands the old Northrup house. Amos Northrup came from Dutchess County, New York State, and for a short time settled at Deer Horn Corners near Goose Pond. He later bought this land for a farm and built this house. The exact year is not known but in 1793 he petitioned the town for a road past his dwelling house in Hop Brook. It remained in the Northrup family many years. In fact, Wellington Thompson, who married Laura Northrup, lived there one hundred years later. It is now known as the "White House" and owned by Adele Chapin Alsop de Selincourt of England.

The Shaker House at the foot of Canon Hill was moved to its present location by the Loring Brothers. This was the Shaker seed house at Fernside as described under the chapter, Shakers.

The last house before entering Lee was the old James Gardner home. Only a small portion of the present building was the original house. Nathan Canon owned it afterward and shortly before Mr. and Mrs. Canon celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary, Nathan built a sizeable addition on the north side and turned the attached woodshed into a kitchen. Nathan lived and died there about 1923. The present owner, Gilder Palmer, rents the house.

There is a letter written at the close of the Civil War by a member of the Cone family which describes the state of the village and its inhabitants during that period. Quotes from parts follow: "We have had a number of deaths in town. Silas Hall and his children, Gramp Hall also Samuel Hall lost—all with diphthery. Mrs. George Kilborn has gone to her rest. George Sweet is very sick, he has been sick about a year. There has been some births here—Charles Slater's wife had a pair of twins in November last. (1863)

Now you wish to know how the people prospered here. I will begin at James Gardner's place where he used to live. (Lee line). He has left it to the Shakers and has stood empty a few days. It is now occupied with an Irish man. Now I will move down to John Northrup's. He is well and family (White House) but he has run ashore. He cannot own property in his own hands so you see how he is. (Northrup failed up in East Lee Paper Mill). Now to James Gardner's (Palmer red house). They are smart, they are cheese making and drawing wood.—to the widow Dorman's (Dyer) They carry full sail at present. Munk Baird is still laboring for her.

So we come to Buel Bettis (Raymond Smith), his family is well. He gets a good living tinkering clocks and watches.—to Cone's (Hickory Farm). He lives there just as he used to. Things go with him as well as usual. Lucian Moore is living in my house, (R. Logan) and works the farm and is well. His wife has got a little boy two weeks old. So you see all is right there. Now we come to John Hale's (Arnold Hale's) they are well at present.—we'll go to the Veditoe place (Davis). Thomas lives there and works out, wages are high and he receives \$1. and board.—pass over to John Sweets (Gilder-Palmer). John's the same he was when you were here. Burt Garney's on the farm. Now to Burt's house (Perkins) that is empty. Now Boss Howland (Miller). He's flying around as usual. Now Asa Judd's (Riverside) Edmund Heath lives there on the farm. Now for the City, Simeon lives in the red house (gone). Now comes the Old Turkey. She has lain still ever since Link (Lincoln) was elected. It looks like Destruction no puffing nor blowing with the Old Iron Horse as there was when you and I used to be their, all has been silent, but there is talk of starting in the spring. There is nobody in the boarding House (Day), the sawmill you can hear sometimes.—the old Johnson house (Orchard House) nobody but Daniel and his little family. Now to Mr. Veddito's (gone) him and his wife occupies the hole house. The house on the hill (Darey) is empty. Now the Dorman house has laid empty until a few days ago. (Adams gone). Then to the shop (blacksmith, gone) their is no change. The hammer is to be heard.

Now over to the Wicksher place (Reber) there's nobody their. Philinda Northrup (Rouse-Olds) the place sold for 700 dollars. Mr. Webster is working on the frame.

Lucian Heath is in that Fargo house. The widow Baird is dead (N. Canon) Daniel McCollum lives upon the lot. Monk has gone to his old farm. Now for the Old Gospel Shop, they cannot get up steam enuff to start the wheel (Baptist). Chaffin is tinkering around as usual. Douglas Spineer has bought the Elder Phippen place (Gilmore). Now for the Paper Mill. Mr. West is the most independent man there is in town. He runs his own mill and wheel—. Lorenz Stedman has left town. W. Turner has bought the place (Warren-Cabral). We have no store except the Post Office and that is one horse. Now there's nothing encouraging in this part of the County and I do not expect anything while I live. I have given you a short sketch of the situation of things here. They have preaching in the Methodist church every Sunday. They had a great singing Conversion there and the house was crowded. They came from all parts of the County. They run the Conversion fore days and then plowd out".

There was once a road and row of farm homes leading from the first knoll on the George Canon Road, along the side of the hill into Lee, entering the main road by the old slaughter house north of Cold Spring. The first house above Arnold Hale's pasture was owned by a man named Mori; the second, back of Dyer's house, belonged to the

Hulett family. On the hillside above the Nathan Canon or Palmer property lived the Driscoll family. In 1930 one could discern this road by stone walls and cellar holes.

Well up the George Canon Road leading to Goose Pond, was the Snow—John Canon Farm. All the buildings are gone. Near the corner by Goose Pond the Jones families lived about 1907.

WEBSTER ROAD

Just north of the Rake Factory, off Paper Mill Hill, Webster Road starts and runs over East Mountain to Otis. The mountain today is a desolate region, seldom traveled beyond the former Leupp property except in blueberrying time. Yet this once was a populated section of Tyringham. The farms were settled mostly by families from Rhode Island, about 1800. Much like the Pied Piper, the first invader seemed to call all of his neighbors from back home until his "Rhodie" pals were congregated about him on his mountain refuge.

The first house was on the north side, higher on the hill from Dr. Salzmann's. After this house became a bit decrepit, Myron Johnson built the present Salzmann house. Myron was the son of Jonathan Johnson who came from Rhode Island to settle in Stockbridge, then on into Tyringham about 1832. Father and son had a sawmill in the deep ravine across the road from the house. He had a brother and sister who lived in the valley. Previous to the Johnsons, Ezra Howk owned the property. Ezra was cousin to Albert Howk of Lee, and the son of Abram, first owner of the Hale Bros. farm. James Taylor bought the property of the Johnson descendants and lived there ten years. In 1899 Taylor sold to the Hon. Francis E. Leupp, our first Indian Commissioner. Although the Leupps used it as a summer home, Mr. Leupp built another house in the rear, for his year-around farmer. Next came the Jacksons who occupied the place only a month or two in the summer, and some not at all, and let the farm land grow to brush. He finally sold to Mrs. Osborne who kept it as a resort home until sold to the present owners.

Beyond this farm, near the top of the hill, was the cabin of John Doyle, father of eleven children born on this mountain. Three of his daughters married prominent Lee business men—John Cormick, Michael Kennedy and John Norton. Mr. Doyle could beat all records at ditching lands and drained all the Shaker meadows. The Shakers were so pleased with his work that they gave him a house from their property on the opposite mountain. Several of the neighbors held a "bee", took down the house, moved it to this location and rebuilt it. Mr. Doyle's widow died in Mittineague at an advanced age.

On up the hill, on a sort of plateau, on the left, was the home of Dr. Mary Sweet, called Widow Sweet. She was a descendant of the famous bone-setter Sweet family of Kingston, R. I. She had no M.D. degree but inherited the family ability, making her own medicines from wild herbs and concoctions from her own ingenuity. She was called upon by the people of both Otis and Tyringham to set their

broken bones and cure their ailments. In 1897 Thomas Duffy was living in the house. Then Attorney George Tiffany of Brooklyn used it for a summer home. Finally bought by a lumber company who destroyed the buildings, the old farm reverted to nature.

Above this, on the same side of the road, is a caved in cellar wall where once was the home of Egbert Webster. His father, Lyman Webster, lived next beyond. Lyman was a prominent business man of his day. The school house was on his land and later moved to the upper corner of Morrison Road. This was known as the Webster District School and Estelle Dorman Stedman taught there. This Morrison Road led south along the side of the mountain to the Morrison farm, where it turned down the mountain entering Main Road between the present McCarthy and Du Vernois farms. Around 1900 a cloud-burst washed out the lower part and it was never rebuilt. The old house burned and the whole road was then abandoned.

The Lyman Webster house was owned by James Clark for several years when he sold it about 1907 to the Eisenberg family from New York. The original Webster house burned in 1844 and the second house, built on the same site, burned since the Eisenbergs sold to The Peck Lumber Co.

On the opposite side of the road, beyond, was the home of Samuel Hall, son of Thomas Hall, who lived there before him. The first house, occupied by Thomas Hall, stood farther back from the road. His brother, Albert, who was a carpenter, helped Thomas build a better house close to the highway, which was standing in 1909 but not now.

Then came Capt. Thomas Stedman's farm, later known as the Whalen place. Capt. Stedman was one of the dignitaries of his day. Patrick Whalen bought the farm of Mrs. Sarah Cone, daughter of Capt. Tom, in the 1850's. A descendant of Mr. Whalen, Joseph Jr., lives in the village and a descendant of Capt. Thomas Stedman, Walter Stedman, lives next to the Post Office.

The next house was the home of Nathan Stedman, son of Capt. Tom. The cellar hole was visible in 1909. It was pleasantly located on the north side of the road. The farm was later owned by Milton Judd, father of Mrs. Lucian Moore. Milton Judd was a millwright and walked back and forth daily, seven miles each day, to his work in the Owen & Hurlburt paper mill in South Lee. Walking was not a fad in those days either. Lucian Moore, who gave this information in 1897, could never remember when the house was standing.

Just within the Tyringham boundary line stood the home of Daniel Dorman. The story of these families and their homes, can best be told by quoting from a letter written in 1909 by Mrs. Estelle Dorman Stedman, his daughter. "Daniel Wells Dorman and his wife Mary Perry Remington, a niece of Commodore Oliver Perry of Lake Erie fame, came to Otis from Tolland some time in the early part of the last century, and made a home for his family at the place now known as Hogencamp's. They at first lived in a log house a few rods east of the present homestead. There was a huge pile of stones that

told where the chimney was, a few years ago. Then, when the frame house was finished they moved into it and lived there many years, rearing a family of seven children. Daniel Dorman also planted an orchard of apple trees just below, which was opposite the site of the log cabin. He brought young trees home on his back from the Kendall Baird place in West Becket. Dorman took much pride in the row of maples which he planted in front of the house.

If we should follow an old road leading from the highway near the house, down through the pasture, we would find the remains of a sawmill, and the raceway leading to it from the dam, which has long since gone. The reservoir was converted into a meadow and now has grown to bushes. In this mill Alva G. Dorman, the eldest son, turned out many thousand feet of lumber with an "up and down" saw, with one arm.

Tragedy stalks through each generation, stopping at homes along the way, for long or short periods. He always leaves his mark, which breaks or makes a character. He first visited Alva in his youth when he lost one arm in an accident. In later life tragedy met the man again. Alva's young wife was stricken with an incurable disease that left her bedridden for five years. Their young devoted son cared for his mother constantly during that time but when she died the seventeen-year-old lad was so grief stricken that he went to her room and shot himself. Alva was left alone with his memories and the sawmill where he and his father made pine shingles, shaving them out. Many a time have I watched my father, to see the beautiful wide shavings curl up and drop. Shingles lasted in those days. Alva married again and sired three sons but when the boys were young the mother disappeared and was never heard from again.

Then there was a large sugar orchard west of the farm buildings where the maple sweet was converted into syrup, then carried into the house to be finished off into sugar.

Daniel Dorman sold his farm in 1856 or 57 to Isaac Hall, and moved farther west, just over the line into Otis, in fact, up in the pasture just inside the fence, was the boundary line and a stone marker written on three sides: Tyringham, Otis, Becket.

The house on this place was built by Addison Stedman, late deceased in Monterey and was struck by lightning and burned a few years ago. It stood on the opposite side of the road from the Alva Dorman house. Addison Stedman traded his place with Samuel Fargo for one on Chestnut Hill in Monterey, and went there to live with his son, Henry, who was nine years old at the time.

The house east of Daniel Dorman's was owned in those early days by Julius Beach, father of Edmund Beach and grandfather of Gilbert Beach of the upper Tyringham Valley. Erastus Cone's wife (of Hickory Farm) was one of his daughters. I well remember those old people. The house was at the intersection of two roads. It burned many years ago.

The house just west of the Dorman place was built by Richard Chase before Dorman built his house and was occupied alone by a daughter of his, Sarah Chase, until some time near 1860. It has been owned by different parties and the house has been gone for some time. There used to be a path leading through the woods from these places, over to what was called North Street (Goose Pond) to the Hunt and Watson farms, then owned by Deering and Cheney, where people used to pass over to visit their neighbors. The last person to occupy the Chase place was Henry Phillips now living at an advanced age in East Lee. His daughter, Laura, married Edward Gardner".

In Otis not far from these farms, was the Wells Forge. In 1909 E. S. Wells wrote from Chicago, "In this furnace was made malleable iron into drills, sledges etc. for the contractors building railroads including the Boston and Albany. Also sold iron to blacksmiths and wagon makers throughout the section. Also, clappers for bells for a company in Troy. Did a big business under the firm name of M. & M. Wells about 1834. Its decline was caused by the defeat of Henry Clay in 1844 and the lack of protection to American manufacturers, so the owner claimed, but the letter writer believes it due to causes like the encroachment of the railroads, scarcity of timber, etc. The business came to a close in 1849 or 50." This section of Otis, in those days, was called Bethlehem.

This Capt. Thomas Stedman, previously mentioned as living not far from the Tyringham-Otis line, was a true individualist—a man with broad ideas and interests, one who had the courage of his convictions. His was a colorful, long life. He was born and raised in South Kingston, R. I., followed the calling of the sea, and became Captain of a sail boat, carrying produce from Narragansett to Newport.

News had trickled in from Trustum Stedman, the Sweets and others, telling of the glories and advantages of life in the newer settlements among the hills of western Massachusetts. Being one with a venturesome spirit, Capt. Tom persuaded his brother-in-law, Williams, to pool their resources and start for Tyringham. Traveling on horseback, they stopped along the way in Connecticut to call on relatives, the Sweets and Champlins. Eventually they landed in Hop Brook and took over the saw and grist mills there. Williams was lost track of but Stedman stayed on for six years. During this time, his father, Ensign William Stedman, appeared and bought a farm on East Mountain (Webster Road). Then Capt. Tom received word that the sailing fleet back in Rhode Island was in dire need of a ship master. Would he return to help them out?

So back to his old home he went and remained three years. He was in charge over the pier boat off Point Judith. "During his first voyage from the Point to Newport he encountered a heavy gale and was driven upon an island near the mouth of the Bay and subjected to great hardships". When no word was heard from the Captain or his ship for three days, his relatives and friends believed him drowned. They gathered in the Baptist church where his cousin preached his funeral sermon. Imagine that dumbfounded community when he appeared the next day, somewhat the worse for his experience, but quite alive.

Again, Stedman decided he'd had enough of the sea, so he gathered up his family and headed back for Tyringham. It took the little procession four days on horseback to reach his father's farm. His daughter, Sarah, was six weeks old. For her he made a sling of his big bandanna, tied it around his neck, and placed the baby in this makeshift cradle across his chest. Thus, he led the way, followed by his oldest son, Benoni, on one horse, then his uncle with the younger boy, Robert, and last his wife, Lydia, on her horse alone. This time Capt. Tom came to the mountain to stay. He must have been fairly prosperous for in a Discharge of Mortgage dated Apr. 16, 1816 it says, "Adonijah Bidwell for James Wadsworth to Thomas Stedman" discharges all claims on a "tract of land, known by the name of Stephen Heath farm, containing about 60 acres, lying partly in town of Becket and partly in town of Otis, formerly District of Bethlehem, for \$400." Evidently this was an addition to the farm on Webster Mountain Road which his father first owned.

Tradition fails to denote how successful a farmer this man was, but it does show us that the "call of the sea" was always in his blood. During his residence there, he built two large sail boats and other small ones. One was large enough to accommodate fifteen persons. Wishing to visit friends near the sea, he placed it on the cars and transported it to Bridgeport where he set sail with his son, Robert, for Guilford, Conn. He landed near the door of his nephew, Dr. Sweet, the Bone-setter. The other boat he launched on Lake Garfield. At the age of 90 he walked two miles to Goose Pond and sailed around all day in his boat there. The next year he took a party from town to Scott Pond (Laurel Lake) in Lee and managed his boat there with great "power and skill" all afternoon. But the following day when he returned again with two colored men and one white man he was overtaken by a gale. The two colored men were drowned—not so Capt. Tom! He lived to be ninety-two years and five months.

Capt. Thomas Stedman was proud to be an American, proud of his father, Ensign William Stedman, who fought in the Revolution. He considered it the duty of every man to stand ready to fight for his country if need be, and above all, to go to the polls and vote. Born in 1766, he could remember various incidents of the war. At the age of twenty-one he joined the militia in South Kingston. He voted on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, cast his vote for Washington as President and voted at every presidential election as long as he lived. He was a democrat of the old school. In Tyringham, he voted regularly in town elections for fifty-five years. Although, from records written in his own hand, it can be sensed that the opposition party endeavored to deprive him of his last vote. The old man was game and beat them to it. Here are excerpts from that record, written in Nov. 1858, three months before he died: "I have never failed paying all the taxes required of me every year since living in Tyringham. I paid a poll tax for all my boys from 16 to 21, sick or well, I never asked for any abatement or for any favors of the town or ever received any. Being overtaken with unavoidable misfortune and stript of all my property,

only one cow left, I then paid tax for cow and pole. My wife soon after this died. I was then left alone. My son-in-law, Frederic Cone, and his wife advised me to give up keeping house and live with them. I have done so. A few years after we eat up the cow, since then I was taxed for a pole only and Cone has generally paid that and my name was on the list of voters. I was called on this year by the surveyors to work my tax on the highway. Cone said he paid it—"I voted this year at town meeting on the 2nd day of Nov. There was a great fuss at the poles, it was so crowded I sat down and waited some time but the crowd not giving away, I went to coazing and crowding and wid sum fuss I got in sight of the selectmen and balet box. The box was instantly put out of sight. The first selectman set looking on a paper supposed to be the list of voters. He didn't look at me. I saw him make a cross on the paper. As he did not look at me I put the balot against his hand. He said he did not take the vote they was put into the box. I said where is the box. He said, the fact is they don't consider you a voter. I says why not, he said I had not paid my taxes. I said, Cone says he has paid them. He says that cannot be for the last two years I had not bin taxt and last spring when they was making up the taxes they thought it best not to tax me. He told them that would not do for I should be at town meeting in the fall and if paid the taxes then I should be a voter and if not they would abate my taxes. The town clerk then rise up and looked at me and says, I have got a pole tax against you for the sum of one dollar and fifty cents and I demand payment. The selectman says, there now if you pay that sum you can vote, if not we will abate your taxes. I seys, this is neither more nor les than that I must give you one dollar and fifty cents for the prevelidg of voting and for no other purpose, on that ground I wont pay one cent. At that time Cone came in and says what is the difficulty, selectmen says he has not paid his taxes. Cone said he had paid them Selectmen says that cant be for the two last years he was not taxt. Cone says I have worked his rode tax this year. Selectman says a highway tax dont make a voter. Cone says then it is the money you want. Yes, says the selectman. Cone says I will pay it now I have got the money in my pocket. I will be sponcer for it. Selectmen asked town clerk if he receives that as payment. Town clerk says yes. Selectman ordered the box to be produced the 3rd selectman held the box in his left hand and with permission I put my vote into it". Sounds some like the Old Bay State today, doesn't it?

During the last years of Capt. Tom's life, troubles heaped up on his head and heart, like the demons from Pandora's jar. His aged mother was bedridden for several years and had to be cared for by Tom and Lydia. About 1917, Cynthia Judd Heath, his granddaughter, told of her visits to his home, when she was a child. Her great grand mother, Hannah, living at the time, "was a cantankerous old lady. From her bed she ruled the household with an iron hand and had everyone jumping at her beck and call. She refused to drink from any

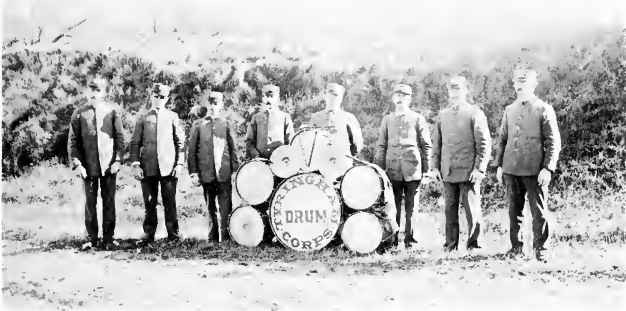
but a small handleless cup, used in colonial days by her mother. Special foods had to be prepared for her, her tea had to be brewed in a certain pot, her fire tended promptly at unreasonable hours; she drove Lydia to distraction and an early grave. Hannah lived to be ninety-two. Grandfather made pets of the wild birds around his place and trained his horses to do tricks. Men came from neighboring towns to see and buy his horses”.

Hannah received a pension from the government, through her husband's service in the Revolution. Capt. Tom used it for her care, medicines and burial. After her death, another son, Oliver (living in Lenox) and a daughter, Hannah, demanded their share of the pension money. There was none left and Thomas produced an itemized account of her expenses to prove it. Even so, he was committed to jail in Lenox in 1839, to await trial. While there he kept a daily account of activities from April 14, to June 25. Here it is: “Apr. 14, went to Lenox, got there quarter past eleven o'clock, went into prison a little before night. Cited Oliver to appear on Mon. 20th to show cause why I should not take poor debtors oath. Snow on ground yesterday and today. Moaning wind blowing very hard from northwest cold. Thurs. 16, pleasen in the morning. Crane did not notify Oliver last night. Gone this morning. Bought a candle Tues. night, last evening bought some molasses, shaved today. Crazy man not so ravin. Fri. 17, eat no supper last evening. Very little breakfast this morning, quite unwell. Pleasant weather. Oliver cited yesterday. Sent word back he will attend to me after. About eight o'clock the crazy men begin to improve their talents, kept it up to a late hour in the evening then still to about one or two o'clock then begun and are at it now after noon. Yesterday I was much unwell got a little milk porridge for dinner, some more at night. Eat some—then drink some hot coffee, eat no meat. Dr. Sabin did not call yesterday as I expected, nor this morning. He is now at home. I hear women sing now and yesterday I heard them sing and felt the floor quiver as they danced. Weather fine so far this morning. I cannot say as I am better or worse, I have no appetite to eat. Afternoon some better, cloudy rain some. Dr. Sabin and Bishop has been here this afternoon near or quite eight in the evening. Dark, thunder, rain hard and lightening. Crane is going to bring me porrige for supper. Sunday 19th, crazy man quite peaceable, rained hard in later part of night, this morning clear, wind northwest, done breakfast. Had talk with Crane, haint got through, expect him up again. The bell has rung for meeting. Crazy man low voice most part of the time silent. Noon a smart shower, Crazy man ball a little. Sent a letter to F. Cone. Dark wind blows hard northwest. Crazy man raving, swear, damning, pounding, stamping, traveling, the other crazy man helping what he can, midnight ravin mad. Mon. morning—Milton Judd (son-in-law) come here. Crane sent after a Justice to set in court with Tucker court, failed could not find another Justice. Mon. 21, After noon Milton Judd went home by way of Stockbridge

to see Byington. Citation taken out again at night Crane came and informed me that Citation could not be served under thirty days from the Service of the first Service. There we stopped, I being very much unwell all day. Crane brought me some porrig for supper. Eat it and went to bed. Crazy man quite moderate. Tues. morning 21, not so much unwell as I was yesterday, had hot coffe and some bread and cheese that Milton brought me here yesterday. Crazy man very raving last night and this morning. Middle of forenoon Frederic Cone and Jemima came here, brought me a bed and some provisions. Fred went to Pittsfield. Jemima made tea and we all took dinner together in the prison. Made up my bed. Mr. Crane made a friendly visit with us after dinner. After that Fred and Jemima went for home, left me the watch. The young men have been in here and the crazy man on a visit. Night comes on, I have eat my supper and must go to bed. I forgot to state the conversation I had with one of the women in prison under my floor. I set up the window and with that open one of the women sung a tune, after that she stopt. I hum the Sldiers' Return. When I stopt she sang out that is well done, Grandpa. I said, well then, you do better. She said, I cannot for that is first rate. I said, I heard you sing and felt the floor move as you danced. O yes, and this woman that is here with me stopt me saying that I would disturb the old gentleman over head. I told her that it did not disturb for them to amuse themselves any way that they could and thought of getting a fiddle and see if I could hear them dance after it. She said, O Lord, I wish you would, can you fiddle? I answered no, but I could make a noise on it. She said O well it will do some good to hear it squeek and I will jig to dance loud enough for you to hear me. Since then they have kept it up. Wed. the 22, some one got my breakfast. Drinked one dish of tea, poured out another but could not drink it. Eat a little but gave up, traveled the room, grow sick, went to bed, had two spells a puking, very sick, raised nothing but water. Went to bed, lay to betwixt a 11 and 12, some better, begin to write. Crazy man stidy hum, only once in a while rip out a little. At this time the one in his sell is making it go at a great rate. His cage rattles well. 10 minutes of one o'clock, I have bin in bed most of the day. Got some porridge for supper. The trees is a leafing fast.—Thurs. 23, Crazy men was still at it at 9 or 10 and remained till about sunrise, since then kept up a continal hum, the sound rising and falling. I am tolerable well. Got breakfast half after seven had hot coffey pleasen weather not much sunshine. Doctor Sabin has been here two hours left me a fine apple and gone home. It lacks a few minutes of twelve. I have just spoke to the crazy man. All the answer is to go to hell, that keeps repeating over very often. I had some talk with the woman below. Frederic and Sarah has come here, brought provisions and other things, had bin and got advise of Byington, also Bishop got up another citation. Crane has cited Oliver to appear on Saturday at ten in the morning, came up here and informed me what he had done. A little after nine I went to bed. Crazy

man peacable all night and as yet this morning. Has been in here several times, talks about taking a school. 9 o'clock and woman singing and at work on ground floor. Fri. 24, about noon Nathan came here, came in was locked in with me till about night when I rang my bell when Crane came and let him out. Sat. 25, Milton came about noon. I was let out, went before the court. Lester Filley and Thomas Twinging, Justices, attended all day. At night adjourned till the next Friday, first day of May. Court set till Saturday night, 2nd. day of May when it was adjourned till the 22nd day of May and Discharged after keeping me bound over from the 25th of April to the 29th day of June at night, then appealed it up to the higher Court of Common Plees". (Imprisonment for debt was abolished in 1855).

In spite of these hardships at 73 years, there was still a few sparks left in the old man. For a back-country man in those days, Capt. Thomas Stedman was well informed and kept his interest in events of the times, especially in politics. He was a prolific correspondent with his relatives back in Rhode Island. Through excerpts from a letter he wrote the year before he died, one gathers the gist of his convictions: "How disappointed I am to find you so ignorant about Massachusetts. I understood it better before I came into it. I am sure when you was led by the No Nothings and other rebellious societies that I was not led by hired priests and lawyers for I had the same information. Can any suppose that these priests or lawyers, that was going from place to place preaching for either of the candidates for president, it makes no odds which printers that told the people when and where they was coming, did all this without any compensation or expecting any. Washington was right, he said all political combinations, of whatever name or nature tend to eliminate the general government and would sooner or later overflow it. All these parties are formed, planned and set in operation by those who want office and have failed in getting it. They will promise as many benefits to be put in power as the Devil did to Christ and on the same principle. Where was the first start of the Abolition Society, Massachusetts. Where was the Free-Soil Party started, New York. Where was the 'merican party started, New York and Filidelfi. Where was the No-Nothing party started, Baltimore. Where is this last party started, the most rebellious of any before it, Popular Sovereignty against Congressional Sovereignty, and Duglass against the World—this I find in the Cleveland weekly Plaindealer, Ohio. Where did the Cansus (Kansas) difficulty start, Boston. Nary one of these parties can beat the Dimecrat. These parties scrape up all the dirty, dusty matter and git it into the pan, then call it Republickan, this smudge may git into the government, thin what will they do, 'Whoran' and that is about all they have ever done when they have had the government in their hands, first John Q. Adams, the second Herryson, 3rd Taler (Taylor). I must stop for a ream of paper would not be anough to record all that I wish to. One thing more I as being cant git red of it, bears so hard on my mind, that



Tyringham Drum Corps, 1900

Left to right - Lewis Stedman, Ira Brewer, George Warren, Myron Ward, Fred Heath, Newton Heath, Frank Dorman and Will Stedman.



Blacksmith Shop and Warren's Wagon Shop above the bridge (south of store)



a man bairing the sacred name of William Steadman his great grandfather bore who saw a gang of murderous and rebbels heging money to carry on a war against the government of the United States to join them and pledg himself to vote with them and did so there can be no dough (doubt)".

Parts of this letter echo down through the generations and ring loud and clear in this election year of 1962. Capt. Thomas Steadman (Stedman) died in Feb. 1859. Men such as these were the builders of this great nation. Teddy Roosevelt said, "The old days were great because the men who lived in them had mighty qualities".

The tragedies and comedies of life are played out in small places as well as in large ones and the men and women of old Tyingham were no exception. Many another saga of the old houses and their inhabitants could be recounted but from what has been written the reader can surely sense the life of the pioneers of this Hinterland.

CHAPTER XI—CULTURE, FUN AND OTHERWISE

The cultural heritage of the inhabitants is clearly disclosed by an article in the town warrant, dated Oct. 1785, which asks whether the town will set up a singing school at their own expense; in the old scrap book from a program headed, "Concert of Sacred Music, No. Tyingham, Feb. 22, 1838"; and still again as those, now gone, told of the big sings each year at the close of Prof. Emerson's Singing School. The roving artist, as he rode from town to town, in the early nineteenth century, stopped to paint grandfather's portrait or stencil the walls in his house.

As far back as 1829 the town had two small select, circulating libraries—one formed in 1791 with 67 volumes, the other, in 1802 had 104. In 1891 the present library system had its origin.

Josiah Holbrook from Connecticut, originated the Lyceums which were debates or discussions. The gatherings were local at first but gradually spread to bring in outside speakers. Not to be outdone, Tyingham too, had its Lyceums with Dwight Thatcher as leader.

The citizens never missed an opportunity or excuse for holding a concert, social, donation or anniversary celebration. In 1887 on a severe cold evening a big crowd gathered in the attic of the Old Turkey Mill to hold a donation for the Rev. Woolsey. There were six stoves a going and plenty of hot coffee and tea, baked beans and pork and sweetmeats. One hundred dollars in money besides food was raised for the worthy man. The attic was large enough to accommodate eight sets for square dancing to the tune of old Billy Van Allen's fiddle with a fife and organ added. At times supper was served at Riverside before the dance started.

At wedding or anniversary parties there was always a big feed, speech making, music, and a special poem, composed by a native bard, read. One written and read at a 40th wedding anniversary in 1871 follows:

FORTY YEARS AGO

How wondrous are the changes Fred,
 Since forty years ago;
When girls wore woolen dresses
 And boys wore pants of tow.
When shoes were made of calf-skin
 And socks of homespun wool,
And children did a half day's work
 Before the hour of school.

The girls took music lessons, Fred,
 Upon the spinning wheel
And practiced late and early
 On the spindle-swift and reel.
The boys rode horseback to the mill
 A dozen miles or so,
And hurried off before 'twas day,
 Some forty years ago.

The people rode to meeting, Fred,
 In sleds instead of sleighs
And wagons rode as easy then
 As buggies now a days;
And oxen answered well for teams,
 Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast
 At forty years ago.

O, well do I remember, Fred,
 That Wilson's patent stove
That father bought and paid for
 In cloth our gals had wove;
And how the neighbors wondered
 When we got the thing to go,
They said 'twould bust and kill us all
 Some forty years ago.

Read at Frederic Cone's 40th wedding anniversary by M.V.B.S.

It was only a jingle but it provided entertainment and helped to vent their inborn creative instincts.

However not all wedding parties were gay celebrations—there were exceptions. One man married in the forenoon and took his wife and household goods home with him on an ox sled. In the afternoon he gathered sap, expecting his bride to help. Years after, another, perhaps his descendant, recently discharged from the navy, was married in the evening and the next morning he re-enlisted for five years.

A. L. Heath, writing in 1905 of his boyhood on the old farm at the south end of town, said he was a member of the Ball Nine and the Old Home Drum Corps, which must have existed about 1830. After the Civil War the Stedman Drum Corps was formed and remained in existence for 65 or more years. George R. Warren organized it in his youth and after Ed Stedman's death was leader. In 1930 Warren wrote a history of the corps which can best be told in his own colorful language. "We started out with the following musical instruments: one 12 inch snare drum, played by Frank Heath; one willow whistle about 14 inches long, made by elderly Abram Garfield and played by Thomas H. Clark. Then I, George Warren, made a pair of wooden cymbals about 9 inches square, and I, the Big Dog, played them. We used to march up and down our highways and everyone said we kept real good time. As you can see, this was a very small beginning. I don't remember just how long we played these instruments but I do recall that Mr. Clark did wear out the Willow Whistle and the bunch of us pitched in and bought a tin whistle for about 15 cents. Not a fife for it blows in the side and a whistle blows in the end."

In 1872 Edward Stedman says to us boys, 'Come over to my house tonight and lets play a little'. So over we went; Ed had bought a drum the day before, Frank Heath had his but my wooden cymbals and Tom's willow whistle was not allowed in the duet. It was nice so far but how was I to get a drum? I was earning only 40 cents a week driving cows to pasture and my father was unable to pay for one. As it happened I struck a piece of luck for my uncle came to visit and he heard Ed and Frank play. He says to me, 'Boy, why don't you learn to play?' It didn't take me long to explain the reason. 'I haven't any drum'. 'Why', says he, 'I have a drum over home and you can take it'.

In the meantime Nelson Stedman, Ed Dowd, Tom Clark joined us and we borrowed a bass drum and got new cymbals and a fife. When we went other places to drum we had a little man from South Lee for fifer and don't forget, he could play. If we went to Lee, Pittsfield or Great Barrington to play, we had Capt. Shannon to lead us. In those days we were drilled to march. With such a leader we could do it up in good shape for Capt. Shannon would put us through the sprouts in dress parade".

Stedman's Drum Corps lasted until 1880 when Ed Stedman, the leader, was killed. Ed was formerly Drum Major in the 49th Regiment during the Civil War and became noted for his ability to roll. None could equal him.

After Stedman's death in 1881 it was known as The Tyringham Drum Corps with changes in membership and leaders. To quote again: "Of course we had some memorable experiences. I recall our part in Presidential campaigns, torch light parades with hundreds in line. I have marched in Pittsfield from nine in the evening till midnight. I believe the largest and longest procession was in the campaign of Hayes and Wheeler and Tilden and Hendricks. It was said at the time that the line of march was over two miles long. When we marched

down North Street with torches and fireworks and red and green fire, it certainly was some sight to remember; these were called Rallys. They had speakers in some big hall who preached political gospel and threw mud etc. In those good old days we always had plenty to eat on such occasions with some good old beer to wash it down so it wouldn't get stuck in your throat. Now we have no such safe guard, just simply get choked and be dam--d. I recall at this same Hayes-Wheeler campaign how the people of Tyringham had first a Republican Rally and a torch-light parade, how we marched up and down the main street, the windows in all the houses illuminated (I mean Republican windows) but when you came to a democrat's residence it surely looked as if there was going to be a funeral next day. And sure nuf, after election, most generally there was. Well, we Republicans was having our Rally and marched to the Baptist church and we was going to march and drum right in. Behold a good brother stood in the doorway and exclaimed, 'You cannot come in God's house this way, no sir!' About this time the whole drum corps landed in a heap down on the ground, in all shapes. By the way, this gentleman who set up this house cleaning was a good old Democrat. Well, we finally got inside and seated. I remember the Hon. Wellington Smith of Lee delivered the address. A few nights after this, the other party had a Rally and they also marched. Of course the Democrats had their houses illuminated, I mean what few there was. Now this same gentleman who instructed us that we were not going into God's house, instead of pushing from the inside out—he pushed like thunder from the outside in. Now this same man had thousands of bushels of apples and some erring individual left the gate open next day and let his cows out. One of them got an apple stuck in her throat and choked. He found her dead next morning. I happened along and was a sympathizing with him. 'Well', he ses, 'You can't expect anything else, it's Republican times, it's Republican times'. At that time Tyringham was a Republican town with 5 or 6 votes to one Democrat.

I also recall when we had reunions of the 49th Regiment. We drummed at one of these in Stockbridge one time and the affair took place in a grove back of the High School. They had a line of march that ended at this grove, had speaking and singing and finally to create a little pep for the occasion, they court marshalled Capt. Weller of Pittsfield for stealing chickens. If you will believe it, those 49ers caught it right and left, in all directions, for I think he was one of the wittiest little fellows I ever saw. I say little, he weighed 300 pounds or over."

When this Drum Corps was first organized, Clerk of the Court in Lee, John Wilson, drafted a set of rules and regulations that each member had to sign and abide by, in order to become a member of the organization. The signatures are George R. Warren, Frank Heath, John French, George E. Stedman, Jason T. Fenn, Eddie Dowd and Simeon Collette.

THE FAMOUS TYRINGHAM CANNON

This cannon never went to war but had many a battle fought over it, even under the law. It was originally purchased by the boys of the town and played an important part in every patriotic celebration for 75 years. Suddenly, after many years, there was one remaining purchaser, in his dotage, who laid claim to full ownership and possession. The old cannon would appear and disappear, sometimes held by the young boys, then again by the old man on the mountain. Finally it was captured and buried at the rear of George Warren's house from whence it mysteriously emerged at midnight on July 4, 1907 to belch forth on the school house hill. Seven times the boys loaded, fired and ran for cover behind the school house. Much to their consternation, after the seventh report, the cannon disappeared. Imagine the chagrin on their faces! Had the old man again won the battle? Then one boy noticed a big hole in the ground whereupon the whole gang investigated. The old firing iron had returned to its earth in pieces! Now, more than fifty years later, the breach of this once famous piece of artillery resides in a place of honor—the Tyringham Library.

Before this event, on each midnight eve heralding July 4th, the flash and roar from this cannon echoed forth from Cobble Hill across the valley, synchronized with the tolling of both church bells, to awaken all inhabitants. Householders prepared in advance for a sleepless night.

One of the town's biggest celebrations was Old Home Week in 1905 when the library building was dedicated. The brief History of Tyringham by John Scott was on sale at that time. There was a dance, a clam - bake, picnics, parade, visits to historic spots and speeches. Old-timers reminisced by visit or letter. Several notables took part. Everyone worked to make it the great success it was. It lasted a full week.

In the summer of 1912 Tyringham celebrated its 150th anniversary by holding the Hawthorne Pageant, a presentation of old Puritan times, written by Constance d'Arcy Mackay. It was a colorful affair, held on the meadows down over the hill across from the Gilder house. The setting was in a natural amphitheater, near the bank of Hop Brook. Rustic benches were arranged in a semicircle on the hillside for the audience and the background for the stage was a grove of trees. The pageant portrayed old Puritan times in Salem. The first number was a chorus of eighteen young women dressed in Greek costume, followed with a prologue by Francesca Gilder, then there was the Indian dance by little boys and the Taffy dance by ten little girls. The play itself had a simple plot of the days of the ducking stool, witches, Indians and little girls lost in the woods. A second part was of Merry-mount, near the Puritan town of Wollaston. These actors were mostly the summer people and a few older residents of town. Most of the appropriate costumes were made by local people. The chief Pageant committee consisted of Constance Leupp, Amy Hutton and Lila Dorman.

The town's Bicentennial was celebrated in August 1939, too recent to be classified as history. On Saturday morning, the 19th, there took place a long parade of interesting and appropriate floats, bands, and all that goes with a parade. This was followed by sports with prizes and at 2 o'clock an old-fashioned clam bake, with all the fixings. The day culminated with a dance. On Sunday the church held a Commemorative service with a musical program by prominent guests, and a short historical address.

Preparation for these celebrations required hard, tedious work but the community, proud of its heritage, was willing and eager to meet the task. If the community life in the future is built upon integrity, reinforced by good works and adorned by faith, such as our forefathers had, then Tyringham will be a good town to live in and thereby live up to its American heritage.

CHAPTER XII—SODOM

At the extreme south end of Tyringham Main Road, turn left to follow Hop Brook and you come to a pocket in the hills—a section called Sodom. Here, the end of Long Mountain curves around this little valley, like a protecting mother's arm embracing her child. At the west this clearing opens on to ever broadening meadows toward the "Holler", as the old-timers called the village. Often the question has been asked, why and by whom was this named Sodom? A Berkshire historian, Dr. Wilcox, of Lee, once gave a theory. He said that small groups of colonists from the more settled seaboard area, nettled under the restrictive laws and regulations of Britain, often getting themselves into trouble with officials. While under British rule they established the reputation of being lawless gangs. When conditions became "too hot", they moved westward into isolated sections. He suggested that such a group came here and acquired the wicked Biblical name, Sodom.

On the other hand, family history of the first recorded names here, do not bear out Dr. Wilcox's speculation. In town records, the mention of the name Sodom, comes well into the 19th century. This ties in with a more recent discovery that some Jerusalemites, who worked in the McCollum's shops, originated the idea and named different sections of town according to their personal sentiments regarding those who lived there. Naturally they were loyal to their own, the most beautiful, golden place in town, so Jerusalem it became. There was rivalry and hard feelings toward the men in the south end of town. About this time the controversy arose as to which man invented the first machine, Stedman or McCollum. So Stedman's south end became Sodom. The Shaker settlement became Jericho, The City of Roses, and Hop Brook village became Hades, one can only surmise for what reason.

Ebenezer Heath, descendant of William of Nazing, England, who came to America in 1632 on the ship "Lion", was born in Framingham, Mass. in 1707. He moved to Coventry, Conn., where he married first, Lydia Utley. She bore him several children, the oldest, Solomon, fought in the Revolution. After Lydia died, Ebenezer married her cousin, Dorcas Slaughter and from that started a family feud which lasted through four generations. By the fourth no one knew just what the quarrel was all about, only that "my set of Heaths are not related to your set of Heths", as they were called. According to the family tale Ebenezer played around with Dorcas before Lydia died and her family sorely resented the marriage. One result of this Heath complexity was that Ebenezer and his sons (half brothers) Solomon and William sought refuge among the hills of Berkshire. Solomon located on Jerusalem Road and William settled in Sodom. All three are buried in the village cemetery.

During the first half of the 19th century Sodom was flourishing. Heath had a mill on Hop Brook, far up toward the gorge. Lower down was a blacksmith shop where iron work was done, probably with pig iron from the Forge in South Lee or the Wells Forge in Otis. Then came an up-and-down saw mill with its overshot water wheel. Below the dam was a cotton factory run by Harlow Hubbard and Henderson Downs. These men made cotton batting, twine and candle wicking. After they failed, David Burchard made safety fuse in the same place. In the 1844 census, before the division, there were 500 cotton spindles listed in the town. Next to the cotton factory and above the present lower house, was a four-family tenement house. Grouped among these were other small buildings and barns. Today but two houses are standing, showing no resemblance to their original structures.

William Stedman, son of Capt. Tom, on East Mountain, had a bent for tools and woodwork. He was attracted by Heath's shops in Sodom, but perhaps more so by Heath's daughter, Lucinda. They were married in 1818 and started housekeeping in Sodom.

Mrs. Cynthia Clark, in her advanced years, said that her father, Elisha Heath, was the first man in Tyringham to make rakes. He made them by hand in the long kitchen of his first home that stood away up Camp Brook on the east side. The work was done on shaving horses and work benches with chisels and gouges. The rake bows were drawn through a round die, or rather pounded through, to make them round and uniform size. The teeth were whittled out with a knife. About this same time William Heath in Sodom also made rakes by the same method.

William Stedman was quick to catch the possibilities of rake making and shortly moved to the "Holler" and went to work in the chair shop across from the church. Here he met the opportunities he was looking for and gathered ideas for machines to replace the former hand methods.

One man who worked for McCollum in the Jerusalem shop had this to say, "There was a dispute between Daniel McCollum and William Stedman of Sodom as to who invented the first tooth machine, McCollum making one out of wood and Stedman the first one of iron. McCollum claimed Stedman stole the principle from him and the event caused a chunk of trouble".

Mrs. J. M. Garfield, in her reminiscences of the old days, said that she was well acquainted with Sodom and William Stedman who invented much valuable machinery in the manufacture of rakes. Whichever man invented the first machine, none was ever patented by him. Stedman's original tooth machine continued in use by his grandson, Marshall Stedman, until his factory burned in 1926. When William made that first machine of iron in 1827, he returned to Sodom, bought the shop, some land and house of his father-in-law, William Heath, and started the line of four generations of Stedman rake-makers.

Under Stedman's guidance, this small section was perhaps the most industrious of any in the township. Several of William Heath's children lived near by and worked in the shop, along with others of the Stedman family. Stedman graded his rakes by branding his own name on them. No brand denoted the poorest or cheapest, Shads, they were called; named so from the fact that in early summer, loads of these rakes were carted to Hudson for market in haying season. The wagons returned with a load of shad fish to peddle on the way home. A rake with Wm. Stedman branded once, meant a better grade, called Single Brand; with two brands it was better yet. In later years the very best rake ever manufactured was marked Extra and was made entirely of ash and hickory woods.

In this shop, also were turned fork, hoe, broom, plow and churn handles, brush backs and mashers. Occasionally a chair was made and often lath was sold for the new homes springing up about this time. Today, in the Pittsfield Museum is a rocking chair and a wooden hay fork made in this factory. Demands for these turnings equaled that for hand rakes.

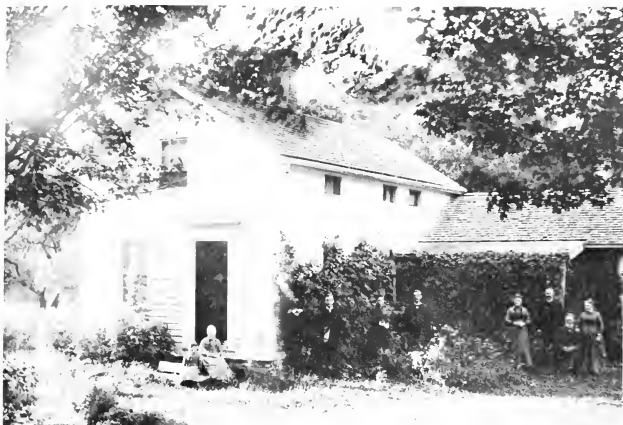
During this early period of the first established rake factory, most of the products were peddled throughout the County, down the Hudson River and into Connecticut. In an account book of 1843 is an entry: "Let Benoni Stedman have 30 doz. rakes to peddle to Kingston". Over the page it says "Account of things that Benoni brings in from peddling.

May 9, brought in $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of tea at 75 cts. per lb.; 250 clams at 14 per thousand and \$19.39 in money.

May 15, B. returned with \$12. in money and 21 shad at 6 cts. per hundred.

July 8, B. brought in \$29. in money."

On Nov. 3, of that same year, it says: "Samuel G. Shaw began to work for R. Stedman for \$15. per month and to furnish a horse when neces-



Martin Stedman Home in Sodom 1888



William Stedman Rake Factory and Sawmill in Sodom

sary and to furnish one hundred and thirty-five dollars stock in trade at 6% interest. S. G. Shaw trip to New York:

Nov. 30, Received of John Margor & Co.		
for 27 doz. fork handles		\$27.00
of Brk Freeborn for 29 11/12 doz. fork handles		39.92
of John More for 4 doz. rake handles		1.50
of A & S.. Willette advance for rakes		39.00
		<hr/>
		\$107.42
Paid frt. & cartage for rakes to A. & S. Willette	\$5.50	
Paid Margor for frt. on 29 doz. fork handles	.88	
Paid More for cartage	.25	
Passage and expenses	5.37	
	<hr/>	
	\$12.00	\$12.00
Returned		\$95.42

Besides peddling from the wagon, considerable amount was carted to the Railroad in Lee and shipped to Boston, New York, Staten Island, Baltimore and Philadelphia. From the account books, some were shipped by canal, but does not specify from what port.

Much of the labor in the factory was paid by the piece as "splitting 5000 teeth at 18 cts. per thousand. Turning teeth at 50 cts. a thousand. Paid Sidney Anderson 1 days work 75 cts. To putting together 175 rakes at 50 cts. a hundred". No one seemed to work steady, three or four days a week often sufficed. In June "Thomas Whitmore commenced work at 75 cts. a day, first week worked 3 days, second week worked 4 days, was paid in lath, then quit until Feb. Commenced work again, paid in pickets and money, then quit again." Only the relatives consistently worked for Stedman, the rest was mostly transient help. He never missed the opportunity to make a dollar. In April 1847, Thomas S. Hill moved into one of the small shops to start making and mending shoes, agreeing to pay Stedman one dollar a month. The same month Lenard Still moved into a shop to do some tailoring for two dollars a month, to be paid quarterly. He was credited with cutting vests, 12½ cts. But neither man stayed for long.

The town could count William Stedman as being one of the most progressive men of his time. He became dissatisfied with conditions as they were. His equipment and methods were outmoded so in 1858 he tore down the old buildings, built a new dam, rake shop and saw-mill lower down on Hop Brook, just above the present Depping residence. A letter, written the next year, claims it to be "the most modern woodworking shop west of the Connecticut River". He continued to enlarge his business until his death in 1870.

The Stedmans and Heaths were hard-shelled Baptists. Old-Timers remembered William Stedman as greatly devoted to his church but even more so to the cause of Temperance. He always attended prayer meetings held in the red school house by the bridge. Stedman, Cyrus Heath and Samuel Fargo organized the first Abolition and Temperance Party in town. This made them very unpopular in general. The boys in the village (Hades) made things mighty unpleasant for these men at times. Cyrus Heath had a beautiful pair of horses of which he was most proud. One night the boys sheared the horses' manes and tails, the most severe punishment they could think of, for wherever Heath drove, his offensive leanings were displayed before the public and worst of all, this condition lasted for a long time. Not until the Rebellion were these men able to shake off the disgrace of being Abolitionists.

When William died, his son, Martin Van Buren Stedman, took over the business. In contrast to his father, Martin didn't believe in letting business interfere with pleasurable activities. The Welcome Mat was always out. He and his wife, Maria, entertained friends, acquaintances and peddlers from the Berkshires to Cape Cod—any hour, any day. Their dining room was not always large enough to meet the influx, so he built a platform in the woods across the way, to take care of the hayloads of guests that drove into Sodom. Smudge fires in pans about the lawn drove the mosquitoes away. One great act of hospitality was when he cleaned up the grove, back of the house, beyond the brook and meadow, for Ben Butler's arrival. What a day that was in 1884, when Ben spoke to a crowd of over one hundred citizens and visitors from Berkshire County! For a long time thereafter, Butler's Grove became a haven for picnickers and meetings. The name was changed to Crystal Grove for the kind of stone found there, called mortise stone. Then too, there were thirteen kinds of wood growing on the grounds. It was truly a grove of distinction for those days.

Martin Stedman, too, was an ardent Prohibitionist and during the great wave of Temperance Reform, about 1888, many meetings were held in Sodom, with prominent speakers from all parts of the state. Stedman, himself, was often called upon to speak at gatherings in and about town, sometimes he wrote a poem for some special occasion. He loved people and the out-of-doors and foremost was his interest in farming. A sale of beef, grain or potatoes meant more to him than one of rakes. Never physically rugged, responsibility and confinement to shop life never agreed with him.

For some years the rake business sped along on its momentum from his father's industry. Martin's two sons grew to work in the shop, along with his brother, cousins and the Heaths. A European market for hand hay rakes opened wide during the last half of the 19th century. Stedman shipped rakes, "knocked down", to England and Scotland. The stales, bows and teeth-filled heads were boxed and shipped, to be assembled over there. Winters, with deep snows, oxen plowed these shipments through to Lee Railroad Station. Oles, in the

village, was also doing a thriving export business in rakes. During Martin Stedman's ownership, a rake handle was called a stale, contraction from "rake's tail". A rake had a head, teeth, bows and a tail. As recent as 1943, Bigelow & Dowse Co. of Boston, who purchased rakes from William Stedman, was ordering rakes with "bent stales".

They still peddled rakes from a wagon to Hudson and brought back shad fish. Martin's older son, Marshall, started peddling at the age of fifteen and proved a born salesman. From then, his interest was in manufacturing and selling—no farming for Marshall. But he was handicapped by his father's lack of business interest and failing health, and no finances of his own. When he was twenty-eight years old he married Libbie Miner of Monterey, took a partner, George Garfield, in business and set up shop in Garfield's cider mill on Hop Brook, in the "Holler", now the Town Hall. This partnership didn't last long for the rake business was new to Garfield and his two sons proved a drag on Stedman's ambitions.

Next, he bought out his Uncle Charles Stedman, who owned the old Platner and Smith Paper Mill property. He started here with the grist mill and added a lumber and rake business. In a few years he weeded out the unprofitable grain business and reduced the lumber business in order to devote more time to his rake and wood-working industry. Marshall traveled to extend his markets, advertised his mortised head rakes, made ash sieves, fern and headstone crates, the latter for the Lee Marble Works, and steadily progressed the business. He and his son-in-law invented the "Improved Lawn Rake", with a splint back, to compete with the Japanese Bamboo rake when introduced into this country. He brought fame to the town through his gift of rakes to four Presidents of the United States.

From his grandfather, Marshall inherited his executive ability, from his father his love of people and recreation. He enjoyed nature, hunting and fishing. He could play the piano or organ, sing and dance, or make a speech and readily made friends wherever he went. As a man once said of him, "Marshall Stedman was a sport as well as a Yankee—an unusual combination". He died in 1935, the last named Stedman to operate the longest established Rake Industry in the United States.

After Martin Stedman's death the Sodom property was sold to Dr. C. C. Jones. During his short ownership the barns burned. From him it passed to H. C. Fordam, Editor, of New York, in 1905. He tried to rename the place, Old Mill Farm, and attempted to rusticate the whole place—slabbed over the exterior of the lower house, built a fieldstone chimney, decorated the interior with crooked, bare branches and rustic furniture. Over the road he erected a rustic arch with the name, Old Mill Farm, across the top. But it didn't last; worms and decay destroyed the arch and slabs, the new name vanished with Fordam, Sodom it was and Sodom it is today.

Following Fordam's early death, Gerald Howe and his mother, became owners. Howe started lumbering the hillside, built two cot-

tages and for a time it was a gay place. But that too, fell by the way-side. In 1939 Dr. Charles W. Depping of New York acquired the property and redesigned the old house at the end of the road, built a garage and a new dam that made an attractive pond across the road. Dr. Depping and his wife are now retired and make this their permanent home.

Nature has a way of taking over when man once relinquishes his efforts to control her. The mills and shops of the Heaths and Stedmans are no more. The fields and meadows are grown to brush, even Hop Brook has changed its course. Only the whippoorwill and the fox remain the same. Behold, William Heath's Sodom is destroyed! Nature has smothered her.

CHAPTER XIII—JERUSALEM

Jerusalem too, had its era of prosperity. In 1912 William Cargill wrote back to his home town, "I left Tyringham in 1852, there were two rake shops in Jerusalem at that time, owned by Deacon Daniel McCollum and Gilbert Northrup. The McCollum shop was later owned by Dighten Garfield. People who lived in Jerusalem then were Cyrus Heath, Daniel McCollum, Gilbert Northrup, James Wilson, Lenthrie Tinker and George and Heman Cargill. In my boyhood days these were the strong men of the town". In town records, most of these names are listed among the officials.

Tradition says that Solomon Heath, coming with his father, Ebenezer, from Connecticut, built himself a cabin against the huge boulder on the south end of Cobble. His holdings extended from the top of Cobble down through the village and south to below the cemetery. In due time he built the Red House where Mr. & Mrs. Asher Treat now have a summer home. From then on his holdings were divided among his descendants.

Beyond the Red House, at the top of the hill, Cyrus Heath, grandson of Ebenezer, lived. His house was one of the most interesting old houses in town, with the ox carved on the wrought iron door latch, as mentioned in Miss Abbot's New England Border. Many older residents were sorely grieved when it burned in 1923 so soon after the Ellis Leavenworths had taken possession. This property passed from Cyrus to his son, Albert Heath. Albert had a daughter, Clara, who married William Stanard. Stanard bought the farm in 1894 for \$1,750. This farm is presently owned by Mrs. Sidney Howard who, in summer, occupies the Shaker Meeting House built in 1792. After the old Heath house burned the Leavenworths had this Meeting House moved, intact, from Fernside.

In 1867 there were nine houses clustered around the junction of Roads 12 and 13. A little one-story, red house, hedged by tall lilacs and a picket fence, snuggled on the left, across from the Cyrus Heath house. This was the Albert C. Heath home. Albert Stanard lived there when his son, Frank, occupied the Cyrus Heath house.

As one approached this junction of roads from the village, straight ahead stood the John C. Garfield home. At the back of this stood another small house. At the right, close to the corner, on McCarty Road, lived C. T. Dowd and across from him was another house. At the top of the hill lived F. McCarty and at the far end of McCarty Road was the Bills-Cheever house where more recently lived James McCarty and William Stedman.

Just north of the junction, toward Fernside, lives Robert Littell's family summers. This was the Curtin farm. Timothy Curtin came to Tyringham from Ireland and first lived on the Cheever place. Then he bought a part of the Albert Heath farm and built himself a home. Three generations of Curtins worked the farm and took active part in Town affairs.

About where Shaker Brook crosses the McCarty Road was a lane leading from the road to two factories or shops and a house. The last to occupy the house was Dighten Garfield, son of John C. He also was last to operate the rake shop by the dam. This was demolished by Frank Dorman for Mr. Leavenworth, about 1908. Let William Cargill, who was born in 1831, tell about these shops as he remembered them:

"A fork shop stood a few yards south of McCollum's (Garfield) rake shop, near the bend in the stream, close to the upper end of the mill pond, and was run by McCollum. He had Lenthial Tinker and Stephen Dudley draw forks and potato hooks and Amos Dorman polished them in the basement of the rake shop". He continued, "I commenced to work at rakes when eighteen years old, in this shop which was later known as the Breakenridge factory. I worked there one year for Gilbert Northrup. The next year my brother, John, and I hired one half use of the shop to make 10,000 rakes, Northrup making the same amount. Enos Northrup furnished the timber and we contracted to manufacture for $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents a piece. The next year I had charge of the business for Egbert Wilson who traded his chair-turning factory, just a little south of the M. E. Church on Hop Brook, for the Northrup Rake Factory. Wilson had never made rakes. Those three years were all that I worked at rakes in Tyringham. I then took machinery for making rakes with me to New York State. My first recollections of the water power was when it was owned by Whiting Russell and powered a machine and blacksmith shop. They had a lathe for turning iron and a trip hammer to forge out axes and edge tools and shoes for oxen."

"Just below Northrup's shop was the McCollum rake shop, one of the first to make rakes. I remember when he enlarged his business and built a stone dam (the earlier dams were built of logs) across the gulf and put in an over-shot wheel and added pitch forks to his business. He made about 20,000 rakes a year. McCollum employed several men, among them, Abraham Garfield, Isaac Bristol, Steven Richardson, David Roche and later Charles Slater. Finally Bristol and Garfield left McCollum and went to West Becket, near Shaw Pond, where they made rakes under the firm name of Broga & Co."

E. M. Terrel was born in 1834 and lived in the house across the dam from McCollum's rake shop. He wrote: "I lived in Jerusalem until I was 17 years old. I remember when Arvin Wilson and Loren Collins made forks in a shop near the brook, below the Carl Curtin place, where, afterwards, James Winnee had a house and carpenter shop. Their work was carried to McCollum's fork shop to be polished and handled. Charles Cargill made mop handles and a musical instrument called a Seraphine." This was a wind instrument, similar to a melodeon.

Yes indeed, tradition proves that Jerusalem bore strong, courageous men—courageous in more ways than one, for it was here that a bloody duel was fought. When Isaac Garfield, the first child born in Tyringham, married Margaret Orton, they settled on the old Orton place, where Brace Road meets Jerusalem. When their son, or grandson, Thomas lived there, during the first of the 19th century a hog butchering was held at his place. In those days, it was the custom for expert butchers and hog raisers to assemble at such times and brag about sticking hogs, guess on the weight, etc. On this occasion there were present Chester Collins, Eber Slater, Whiting Ayres, Isaac Garfield and a man named Dart,—all citizens of Jerusalem and inveterate jokers except Dart. Dart was an irascible fellow and a terrible brag.

Each in turn, made his boast of what he had done and of what he could do as regarded butchering. Dart made some statement which seemed so extravagant that Uncle Ike, as everyone called him, doubted the truth of it and said so in no uncertain terms. Dart was angry and after some high words, challenged Uncle Ike to fight a duel. It was promptly accepted but Garfield claimed the right to choose the weapons and selected shot guns. Slater and Ayres were the seconds. They loaded one gun with clotted blood and gave it to Dart. The other was loaded with an article easily obtained and given to Garfield. The principals, unaware of how the guns were loaded, stood a short distance apart and were instructed to fire at the word—not before. It appeared that Dart, in his anger, meant to kill Garfield, for he fired before the word, then turned to run. His shot hit Uncle Ike in the breast, covering him with blood. Garfield, seeing the blood, laughed fit to split his sides and shouted, "I am dead man but I'll fire just the same", and hit Dart on the side of his face. The reports were that Dart got the worst of the battle and soon left town, unable to take the joke at his expense.

Later on this farm was added to the Shaker property which extended from here to the South Lee line. Cargill said there were many stalwart men in town and a few odd ones. One of the oddest of odds was Isaac Garfield. When he sold his farm some of the neighbors asked what he was going to do. He replied by starting a story, "Out west the bees are as big as turkeys and they have the same size hives as we have and the holes they go out and in through are the same size as in our hives". Then he stopped abruptly which prompted someone to ask for an explanation of how the bees could go out and in the hive. Ike answered, "That's their lookout".

One time Cargill handed him a printed invitation to a Church Donation. A few days after that, he met Uncle Ike in the road. He stopped Cargill and said, "I have an invitation to a Donation and the reason why I tarry, I have not the where-with-all to carry and charity begins at home and I want to buy a jug of rum". Those were the days when everyone composed poetry—for social gatherings, for epitaphs, for school mates—even for every day conversation!

CHAPTER XIV—THE SHAKERS

Before the Revolution there were men by the name of Allen mentioned in town records. In 1762 Asa Allen helped build the town pound on the Smith farm. The next year he was appointed a Hog Reeve and in '68 the Proprietors sent him to the Inferior Court. By 1773 Joseph Allen appeared and at the town meeting the question arose, "What to do about the circumstances of Joseph Allen?" Rufus and Asa, both served in the war and received pay for military service as well as for help in clearing a way for the Royal Hemlock Road which indicates that he lived on this side of the mountain. After the war, Asa presented a certificate to the church of "being of the Baptist Persuasion". It was the Baptists in this country who became most often susceptible to the Shaker influence. So, quite likely, the three brothers, Joshua, Abel and William Allen from Coventry, Conn., had relatives here when they arrived and settled on the western hillside of Hop Brook.

In a town record of 1779 the voters asked what to do with undesirables entering town and the constable reported of his return to Great Barrington certain named women from there who had been roaming through our town. Recently, the Massachusetts Attorney General, Brooke, made the statement that if he read the Constitution right, he promised that prostitutes would be walking up and down Massachusetts Avenue no more. Evidently Tyringham was trying to enforce this law one hundred and eighty-five years ago and did something about it.

Three years later religious zealots too, were classed as undesirables, for a committee was appointed to "keep out of town all persons called Shaking Quakers". The following June this same committee reported they "had proceeded so far as to whip one strolling Shaker who refused to leave the town". This belies what one historian has said, "that western Massachusetts people were more liberal and tolerant to other sects than in the east". But intolerance had swept across the state like a contagious disease.

Already the Allen brothers, William Clark, Henry Herrick and Elijah Fay were holding Shaker meetings at one another's houses. Gradually men from other towns became interested in this movement and joined with their families until in 1792, they united their farms and all other properties to form a Church Society. What was William Clark's farm became the center where now the few Shaker buildings

stand. Meanwhile, general sentiment, (or perhaps the new laws instituted by the first Articles of the Constitution was the cause) must have mellowed considerable, for in a town record of 1796, \$18.94 was appropriated for the salary of Mr. Clark, the Shaker minister. In succeeding years this sum was raised.

The persuasive leaders carried Shakerism forward like a tidal wave, to engulf those who came under its wake. In the Shaker "Rock and Roll Book from the Lord God of Heaven to the Inhabitants of Earth", Calvin J. Parker from Lenox and Eliza L. Chapin from New Marlboro signed as Inspired Witnesses from the Tyringham society. Later on, a man named Day, with his wife and five children joined, as did Abisha Stanley, James Pratt and Thomas Patten from Belchertown. Hannah Canon and George Rouse from Tyringham joined. Their membership grew to over one hundred; more than that number joined, but some did not remain.

For thirty-five years the Shakers enlarged their holdings to 1500 acres, reaching from Beartown to the main Road, from Jerusalem to the Lee line—even to West Stockbridge where they acquired the old Forge Mill of E. W. Thayer. Until 1858 the society continued to prosper. There were two settlements, three-fourths of a mile apart; each consisting of two families. The First or Church Family had the largest group of buildings—the office, the building with the basement kitchen and long dining room with dormitories above, a meeting house, a school house, dwelling houses, the great red ox barn, various shops and out houses, a pocket furnace and a saw mill. The largest building was the seed house used for drying and packaging the flower and garden seeds grown on the place. This seed business was their chief source of income. A freight elevator ran from the basement to the cupola, a printing press turned out thousands of seed labels. The Shakers were the first to use color on their labels. The fame of their seeds spread throughout the east until every farmer's ambition and joy was to plant those Shaker seeds that came in those new-fangled, labeled packages. Some trusted brother went every year to the cities and large towns to sell their garden seeds.

Not only were horses and oxen shod in the tool and blacksmith shop, below Shaker Pond, but stoves, nails made and all kinds of iron work done, needed in their community. On the stream that feeds Shaker Pond were several shops; below the outlet, were a saw-mill, grist mill and furnace. Their skill and ingenuity can be judged by the rugged, well-built dwellings remaining and the network of tumbling stone walls. In Shaker days there were no piazzas, no galleries or verandas—only stiff stone porches with canopies jutting forth from the buildings without pillars for support. Rows of pickets lined the walls of stone, gates and many another token of the faithful were there when they left. Attached to the ox barn were cattle sheds with a yard in the rear walled with stone. Half way out to the Cobble stood a seed house and at the foot of the Cobble, almost down to Hop Brook was the lime kiln.

John Scott tells, how on his first visit to Fernside in the fall of 1886, he hiked up the mountain back of South House, and discovered

farther up the stream, another pond and ruins of the grist mill. He found the "Type Lot" and picked out the old road, long before abandoned, on which stood dwellings before the farms were consolidated to form the Shaker Community. Lying between the Holy Land and Woodchuck ledge was the old sap-house in that furthestmost Shaker orchard. He veered and crossed over the Back Bone to the south of Holy Hill and found other cellar holes.

Northward, through the great maple orchard was the North Family settlement. This was originally the William Allen Farm. Only the front portion of Nakomis Lodge remains of the many buildings. A walk up the hillside, fringing what was once the apple or Ben Orchard, following the stream, will disclose the Shakers' ingenious method, by a series of dams, of conserving water for power to operate their mills along the stream, and the four-story red shop below the highway. In this recently demolished shop were made wooden tubs, butter bowls, sap buckets, measures, pails for their apple sauce and turnings of various descriptions.

In the heydays of this North Family there were four dwellings closely grouped, many barns and sheep-folds, besides the shops just mentioned. The community land ultimately increased to between two and three thousand acres, practically every foot was made to yield a return. Every man, woman and child worked but could not meet the need. Many "World's People" were employed to help out, especially at harvest time.

The children of the outside help often made friends with the Shakers. Mary Briggs was brought up at the North Family, but like most of the girls, when in their teens, left. She married a man by the name of Coons and lived her last days in Williamstown. She told the story of the Spooner Twins. These boys from the village became real friendly with a kind old Shaker Sister who made especially nice mittens and gloves from lamb's wool, produced on the place. Day after day, they watched her work on those mittens. They had never seen such soft, fleecy mittens and loved to stroke and handle them. One day the sister was in an extra good humor and offered the twins each a pair at a very nominal price. They ran home, elated at the prospect of owning the Shaker lamb's-wool mittens, and returned next day with the money. They proved the envy of all the boys at school. In a few days they visited the Sister again to tell her their brothers needed mittens too, and they had the money for two more pairs. For a week after that she didn't see them. Then, late one afternoon the boys appeared with a terrible tale of woe. They had both lost their mittens; their little hands looked so red and cold, thought the old Sister; she sold them two more pairs. When this happened, even again, the Shaker Sister consulted with the Elder who inquired in the village as to what happened to so many mittens. The twins had no brothers but had a real profitable business in mittens started at school. Their venture in salesmanship abruptly ended with the Elder's call.

When Mary Briggs Coons was asked why she left the Shakers, she replied, "I detested those Shaker bonnets we had to wear". "But",

she added, "they were always kind and very fair in equally dividing their produce". She recalled that two of the Day girls left about the time she did. Sophia married a Wilcox and Lucinda married a Hall.

Mrs. Tichnor, part Indian, was left with a little boy, George, age three, and had no means for their support. So, like many others in a similar situation, they joined the Shakers. Not much is known about their life at the Shaker settlement, only that George was trained as a brick mason—and a good training it was, too. He also learned to play the cymbal, a musical instrument something the shape of a violin with a crank turned by one hand, while the other manipulated the keys or strings. In later life he became an expert on it.

Although the Shakers taught and adhered to the celibate life, many youths, reaching maturity, felt the sting of Cupid's Arrow. They felt the need of a little romance in their sombre way of life and George Tichnor was no exception—there was a girl in his life, so the story goes. He fell in love with a village girl and wanted to marry her but, woman like, she couldn't make up her mind, promising that if he would wait a while, she might consider him. Tichnor enlisted in the Civil War, served valiantly for three years and returned, less one eye, to find his girl had run off with another man. From this time on, George Tichnor became disillusioned with humanity in general and turned into a recluse. He built himself a cabin well up on Long Mountain, supplying his few wants by hunting, fishing and chopping wood. Occasionally he visited the village. He was fastidious about his shirts, only Mrs. Sarah Canon could make them to suit him—after a certain pattern, of a special heavy cotton material. He always paid promptly when he picked up the shirts, but one day he most forgot. Outside, he turned back to her and said, "I thought of it, then I forgot it, I forgot it, then I thought of it."

The boys from the village sometimes persuaded Tichnor to go fishing with them on Hayes Pond for he knew where the best trolling was located. As an extra inducement, they brought along a bottle of whiskey. Some good luck and a few drinks elevated Tichnor to the point of great courage and inspiration. He stood up in the boat, held out his arms and quoted scripture. Then he said, "Christ fished just as I am doing. He walked on the waters, so can I!" With that, he stepped overboard. The boys had quite a time saving George.

After a few years on Long Mountain, Lucian Moore, who had made friends with him, coaxed Tichnor to move nearer the village. He offered him a spot in the woods off Webster Road, to build another, better cabin. Here he lived for seventeen years and became known as the Tyringham Hermit. Tichnor professed to be a weather prophet, became so successful at it that the farmers declared his forecasts better than an almanac.

George Tichnor's appearance was as strange as his mode of living. He was six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with a white flowing beard and dark complexion. Over his eye socket he wore a flat cork

the size of a silver dollar, fastened with a wire over his ear and around his head. Winter and summer, a tattered white felt hat was on his head and he walked with a long staff that reached to his hat.

One can imagine the impression all this made upon the young girls who tramped the pasture on the edge of his woods, during arbutus time. In his old age, the hermit must have found life very lonely at times and longed for some human association. Once, when he saw the girls in the arbutus field, he came out into the clearing, carrying his staff in one hand and a tight bunch of pink arbutus tied together, in the other. The girls saw him coming and were tempted to flee, but held back and accepted the proffered flowers in fear and trembling, without so much as a friendly greeting. Youth knows naught of the loneliness of age.

Mr. Moore found him one day, half paralyzed by a stroke and carried him to Riverside Farm where he shortly died at the age of seventy-five. A Shaker, a soldier, a lover and a hermit! What a never-to-be-forgotten character to blaze the annals of Tyringham!

One of the fundamental principles of the Shaker doctrine was Spiritualism. They worshiped God only, and in Spirit and in Truth. They venerated Jesus as an example but did not worship Him. Each Shaker community had its own Holy Ground where they gathered at certain times of year. That of the Tyringham Shakers was on Mt. Horeb, an open summit, above their village, of 1820 feet elevation. Here they erected a monument to Mother Ann Lee, their founder, surrounded it with benches and outside of all, a fence. And here they became inspired by the Holy Ghost, saw visions, heard prophecies and carried on their religious rites and dances. During one of these ceremonies they are reputed to have buried the devil. But listen to what William Cargill wrote about this tale. "They allowed the World's People to attend these meetings and I was present several times. At one time, so they said, the Elder that was over the Lebanon, Hancock and Tyringham Shakers came and while here holding a meeting in the church, had a presentment that the Devil was attending so they called out their forces and gave him chase into the cellar and about the premises and finally drove him to the highest hill back of their village, Mt. Horeb. Here they buried him, face down, with clam shells in his hands, so that if he dug he would go deeper instead of digging out". This story has endured for generations but often since, it has been thought that somehow the old fellow got turned around and dug himself out. Cargill thought so too, for in addition he wrote, "They, the Shakers, did not believe in marriage but I noticed that some of the head ones were something like geese and on a sly, mated off and eventually left with their bird. The head one in their village, Jeremiah Hawkins, went away with Miss Canon and lived on the road to Goose Pond, where her brother, John Canon, lived. But before that they went into one of the Shaker houses between their sawmill and Jerusalem. Hawkins claimed that his life had been spent with them and he had a right to the property. That displeased the Shakers and they turned out in mass one night to move him out. But Hawkins,

learning of their plan, prepared for them by fastening the doors and, armed with a club, was ready for them. As they broke in the door, he gave them quite a pounding but they soon overpowered him and very badly bruised him. He finally took his goods, which were set out of doors, and moved them into another house in Jerusalem owned by the World's People. Hawkins brought suit against the Shakers for assault and right of property.

I went to Lenox as a witness, only a few days before I left Tyringham so never did learn the decision of the court nor final results of the Shakers".

It is quite evident that the Shakers had their troubles and one of them was the invasion by Cupid. But records of all who ever lived near or with them speak of their kindness, honesty and industry. The most interesting and informative records of this sect are the letters written by elderly former residents of the town and members of their community, during Old Home Week in 1905. Some of these writers were men and women who lived in town before the separation.

William Cargill wrote most appreciatively of their thoughtfulness at the time of his father's illness with typhoid fever. It was haying time and the Shakers turned out full force to do the haying for the Cargill family. "Their farming was of the first class, their gardening fine and their seeds with their labels were no discount. They did their work with oxen." "Their dress was alike", he wrote, "the men in grey with wide brim hats and hair cut short, only left long at the neck." "The women and girls", he added, "all wore white caps, straight brown dresses and a muslin cape pinned in front."

He described their place of worship as "a dancing hall with a spring floor. When assembling, they all marched in at once and were seated in silence until such time as the spirit moved, when they would rise and march around the room, singing, in a sort of trotting jog. At intervals they would turn and face each other and take a double shuffle which they had been trained to do in perfect harmony. The services were closed by a few remarks from the Elder."

Mr. E. M. Terrel remembered well many of the Shakers, when he lived in Jerusalem: Elder Brother, Albert Battells, Stephen and Willard Johnson, Daniel Fay, Daniel Hulett, Calvin Parker, Alvin and Edwin Davis, Hasting and Addison Storer, Michael Micue, Jeremiah Hawkins, Hiram and Henry Morrison, Henry Champion, Hiram Bailey, William and Jim Jones, William Hale, Warren and Sam Day, John and Leonard Allen, Richard Van Duesen, Aaron Manchester, Robert and Niles Wilcox, John and George and Peter Makely, George and Stephen Rouse, Stephen and Chauncey Richardson and George Tichnor. The reason I remember so many is because I worked in the shoe shop with my father. Most every day some one of the Shakers would come in."

"The names of the women that I remember are: Mollie Thayer Mollie Herrick, Desire Colt, Hannah Canon, Annie Seton, Lydia

Partridge, Betsey Garner, Eunice and Harriet and Wealthy Storer, Christine Bailey, Ellen Crata, Jane and Lydia Rouse, Lucinda and Charlotte Day, Margaret, Mary Jane and Emily Fair."

Reminiscent of her life at the Shakers, Mrs. William T. Hall, (Lucinda Day) wrote: "I went into the society in 1843 at 13 years of age. I lived there eighteen or nineteen years. There were from 75 to 100 members at the First or Church Family where I lived. The sisters did all kinds of house work—made most of their wearing apparel, spinning the flax for the linen cloth and the wool for winter wear. They made many kinds of fancy work, like mats and cushions, for sale." "We were always busy", she said, "cooking, washing, ironing, milking, making butter, cheese, doing all the sewing, besides the knitting of our stockings and sox."

"The brethren carried on all kinds of mechanical business, worked the big farms, did cooper work of all kinds and carried on the broom trade." Mrs. Hall said they had a lucrative business in raising and drying sweet corn—both brothers and sisters did that work. Their buildings were built by their own society. Her husband was placed with the Shakers when eight years old but left in ten years to work for William Stedman in his rake shop.

W. J. Vigeant explained how his father worked for the Shakers eighteen years, in charge of their cattle. Living in Jerusalem, he had to leave home at 5 A. M. and didn't return until eight in the evening. The Shakers furnished all his meals and good ones, too. There were 97 members when he started to work at the Church Family but only 15 or so when he left at the time they disbanded. A Mr. Richards, who was superintendent of the outside work, asked Mr. Vigeant to move to Enfield with them but the family refused.

During school vacation, the Vigeant children helped the Shakers pack sugared butternut meats and sweet flag in half pound packages for market. "We were all very happy there", he said.

The last surviving *faithful* Tyringham Shakeress was Elizabeth Thorner who died at the Hancock community. Her message to the town in 1905 was, "I wish it was in my power to give you the history of the many, beautiful, sweet, noble lives that have lived and died at dear old Fernside. Souls that lived as pure, holy, consecrated lives as I believe it is in the power of mortals to live in this world—I can only say that, as I look back on my childhood days, I feel they were spent with saints, although I did not sense it then, as I have since, in my advanced years."

The most vivid story of life in this Tyringham Shaker settlement was recorded by John Scott who lived first, at Fernside, then with his Aunt at Nakomis Lodge for many years. In 1893, Julia Johnson, the Ex-Shakeress, then living in California, called to view once more the scenes of her childhood and young womanhood. She and Scott roamed the hills and pastures together while she chatted of these long-ago days. Here is the way Scott wrote it: "Julia joined these Shakers in 1837 when eight years old, lived in the North Family 19

years, then for 3 years at the Church Family and 19 years at the Hancock Shakers. Her great grandfather was one of the first Shakers in America, lived at Hancock and confessed to Mother Ann. Her grandmother and father also lived with the Shakers several years. Her mother left the community at 20 years but later sent three daughters back to the fold. There were too many children at Hancock where the grandmother was, so the little ones were passed on to Tyringham. One died at 12 years, another became an Eldress and one of the ministry.

The old Clark house at the Church Family, reputed to have been built in 1770, was demolished by Dr. Jones. In the fall of 1889 the Allen house was removed from the Lower settlement, some of the material going to Lawrenceville, in Lee. The hearth stone was retained for Nakomis Lodge. When Scott's relatives bought the North Family property, they tore down several buildings; one was the old gambrel-roofed house used for the women's dormitory, dining room and kitchen. There were two long tables in the dining room, one for the men and one for the women. The same room served alike for dining and kitchen.

When Julia lived there, there were thirty members, eight slept in a room. The walls were bare and mostly the floors bare—perhaps a strip of carpeting here and there. The two Eldresses roomed together. The house stood on a line with Nakomis Lodge, only a few feet toward Fernside. The front half of Nakomis Lodge was the dairy house. About all that is left to remind one of the Shakers are the doors. What was the Parlor in 1905 was the weave room, the dining room was the cheese room. Upstairs, the north chamber was the Shaker spinning room; the south chamber their sewing room. The Shakers raised their own flax and spun their linens and wool. They wove horse blankets, aprons, handkerchiefs, and what not. They bought nothing but cotton cloth, making all else. Rushes were woven on cotton warp for carpets. They did their own farming, doctoring, carpentering, wagon-making, manufactured ox yokes, ax-helves, rakes—at the time of their greatest prosperity and prior to it.

Julia said, the women, young and old, would tumble out of bed at 4 A. M. of a winter's morning and wallow through the snow drifted between the gambrel-roofed house and the dairy house to reach the "spin" room. 'I have seen a ninety-year-old woman sit in a rocking chair spinning with a tiny six-year-old tot on the platform beside her, also spinning. Eight to ten would spin at a time. The stints were two "runs" a day for wool and one "run" for tow'. But sometimes the weather was too severe, even for a Shakeress. When the wind blew the snow in great gusts between the houses, the women would remain at home and perhaps run tallow dips. Two or three days of concerted effort would give them a year's supply of a hundred dozen.

The women were divided into two classes—one for cooking, the other for chamber work and washing. Two women and a little girl formed the regular kitchen force, the children changing every four weeks. Washing and ironing were done in the morning, the laborers being free the rest of the day. But no one escaped and my ex-Shakeress recalled one old woman who sat down to wash.

On the shelves in the cheese room were commonly 50 or 60 cheeses being kept two or three years to cure. In the cellar were apples, beets and cider. 'Down in that cellar, by the way', she said, 'was thrust spunky Elmira when in her 9th year. Her screams had no avail until she confessed her fault and promised to be good'. The Shaker fruits were divided among the members, young and old; for example, a barrel of apples for each, to be eaten or given away.

The men at the North Family slept on the upper floor of the Red Shop. The stone dam across the way was begun by Leonard Allen, son of the original William Allen, when he was 70 years old. Within a week and before the dam was completed, he died of pneumonia. Six men operated the shop, sometimes more. In the cellar were stored potatoes for the family.

The business of the family was handled by the Elders. The members had no vote, but according to Julia Johnson, it was customary to ask the opinion of all, this varied with the Elder in office. "From tales still current in the town", says Scott, "the society occasionally had trouble with these, their agents, who trafficked with the world. For example, Richard Van Deusen at the North Family, not only cut short his hair but insisted on a buggy and plated harness. A compromise was finally effected in the matter, by allowing the buggy if it be painted green, like other Shaker vehicles."

Each family had its room for meetings, and each community had its church. On Sunday there were three meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings there were union meetings and Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, dance meetings." Scott says, "As I understand it, the chant ran, 'lo-loddle-lo-lo!' while the dance itself alternates, quick step, double shuffle and a sort of polka where the dancers hit their heels together at one of the corners of the square."

Mother Ann Lee never came to Tyringham but Father William Lee and Father James Whittaker did. However, the first Elders at Lebanon, seldom came nearer than Hancock. Julia reported that 15 or 16 girls often went on horseback from Tyringham to Hancock to attend Sunday service. On the contrary, often between 200 and 300 World's People would gather at Fernside to witness the local service or "laboring meeting".

The Shakers had an annual confessional day about Christmas time. They would arise at 4 A. M. and gather for prayer. Throughout the day they ate only bread and water, 'though the latter was sometimes hot. Confession was made to the Elders.

These people were intense spiritualists. Julia's sister, when seventeen years old, would lie for hours in a trance, after which she would tell of the mansions and other wonderful things she had seen. That these Shaker children were not unlike those of Salem at the time of the witches, may be judged from the fact that at one period, a half dozen of them affected to be under "influence" of the Indians. One young man, pretending to be thus affected, would eat raw meat out of the cellar. An old Indian, known as Sylvester Spy, had his hut on the

opposite side of the valley, about half way to the top of the mountain. It is said he was accustomed to frighten the children intentionally. Another, George Konkapot, who was six feet tall, would conceal himself in the lime kiln to scare young people. Indian relics were constantly being plowed up and as the old Shakers narrated Indian tales, gathered around the fire at night, it is no wonder that the children were inclined to be fearsome. Those in these fireside groups smoked tobacco in long white pipes, both men and women, so said Julia. She, herself, confessed to being afraid of meeting dogs in the woods on her way to school at Fernside, after doing her work in the dairy or the spinning room.

No tea or coffee was allowed the young people. No loud words were allowed at the table, but life was not all cloudy for the Shaker boys and girls. When their spirits flagged during labor, somebody was apt to find the devil lurking about. Instantly, a hue and cry would be raised and for many minutes the whole settlement would remain in an uproar that must have been highly enjoyable to the childish mind. Yet there were too, more world-like recreations. Great wagon-loads of young fry would go off to the berry fields, or a lake. On these occasions, luncheon was always carried, for to sit at the table of World's People was a thing to be avoided. If the World's People visited the Shakers, they were bountifully fed, but no Shaker sat to eat with them.

The Shakers stripped the sides of the Holy Ground of hardwood, sliding the logs to the roadside in chutes, much as they ran their sap in the woods to the sap house down in the hollow of the hill. Once, the North Family was startled by cries for help which came sharply across the valley. Brother Edwin had been hauling wood from the other mountain when an ox fell on its head and broke its neck. At another time it was the brother who suffered, his leg was broken in two places and badly crushed. He lay abed for ninety days. Thus did the Shakers labor."

Julia Johnson recalled, those having lived and died while she was at the North Family Shakers as follows: Leonard, John and Ruth Allen; Eleazer, John and Anna Stanley; Rebecca Johnson; Susanna Dart; Lydia Hall; Asa Hewlett; Nancy Gardner; Maria Hill; Lucretia Markham; Almira Johnson; Charles Showers; Robert and Phoebe Willcox.

"In Julia's young days she had a love affair, of which she spoke without reserve on that memorable walk," wrote John Scott. "She and her Shaker lover did not have the courage to flee the faith, as did so many others; the Elders sent Julia to Hancock for a love cure and while she was there Michael died. As they rested on the summit of Holy Ground, Julia cried, 'My darling has been here!' Returning to Fernside they visited the yard where Michael lay buried."

In 1905, Julia Johnson at 76 years, was unable to make another trip to the home of her youth from Los Angeles. Instead, she wrote a letter filled with added information and enclosed a long poem, for Old Home Week, a nostalgia for her Shaker home and the hills and



North Family Shaker Settlement



Shaker Settlement Under Dr. Jones



Brother
Richard VanDeusen



Sister
Christine Bailey on left
other sister's names not
known

Two old tintypes in the possession of Dr. Glenn Sweet
of Woodbury, Connecticut

woods which she so loved. To walk through Fernside woods today one finds the same ferns, flora and trees to which she refers so tenderly.

"The first burial that took place after I entered the home", she recalls, "was that of Thomas Patten, an old Revolutionary soldier, who drew a pension. After he died, his former wife, a helpless paralytic, drew the same. His brother, Asa, was for many years the leading Elder in the Church. They were grand old men and pioneers of the place".

"The Johnsons came later on; Willard and Fanny were distant cousins of mine", she writes, "Willard died in Hancock. Eunice, Harriet and Addison Stover died in Enfield, Wealthy and Hastings in the old home. Desire Holt was our early teacher and her nieces, the Bristol girls, used to visit our school sometimes. I think they married into the Garfield family."

"The Shakers purchased South House of Thomas Garfield before I came there. It was owned by the Church Family and twenty members lived there, among them the Stovers and Desire Holt. Desire had taught school before she joined. She was in ill health and came first for the purpose of being nursed by Christiana Herrick, who had studied medicine with her father, Dr. Henry Herrick, who formerly owned the homestead at the north, where I first entered."

"Father William Clark, original owner of the Church property, had passed on before my day, but a daughter of his, who moved to Hancock in her youth, became a leader in the female line for 50 years. I lived with her several years and she used to relate many interesting episodes of the early times in Tyringham and Hancock. She was still a smart, active woman in the sewing department when she died at 90 years of age. Leonard Allen, son of Joshua Allen, original owner of the North Family property, was the leader in that family."

In closing, she wrote, "It seems I must see all those dear old places once more before I go hence and maybe I will". She never did but Julia Johnson has left a valuable legacy for Tyringham historians.

Just before the Civil War their numbers began to dwindle for in 1858 there was some sort of an upheaval in their community: twenty-three members left at once. Sixteen years after this, the pathetic few who remained asked to be relieved of the burden of so great a property and were transferred to Enfield, Conn. and Hancock, Mass. One sister, who went to Hancock, was asked why the Tyringham Shaker colony was not a success. She replied, "Those hills were steep and rocky, farming was back-breaking, discouraging over there on that hillside. Other communities had better and more profitable land". But already worldly influences had crept in, all Shakerism was on the wane.

Today, ninety-nine of their members lie buried in the brush-covered cemetery below the road at Fernside. Three houses, the community dining room and kitchen and the great ox barn shadow both sides of the highway—all that is left to attest to the courage and labor of a once prosperous people.

CHAPTER XV—FERNSIDE

The ministry at Mt. Lebanon wanted to establish a Shaker community in Pennsylvania and learned of a wooded estate in Hornesdale, known as "The Promised Land", owned by Dr. Joseph Jones. The Tyringham Shaker Colony was sadly depleted and the ministry realized they must shortly close it and sell the property. Elder Levi Shaw of Mt. Lebanon, conceived the idea of making some kind of a deal with Dr. Jones and decided to make him a visit. His call resulted in an exchange of properties. However, the undertow of "worldly influence" was too strong for the Shaker doctrine to make any headway in Pennsylvania. The tide had turned and no recruits could be landed on the beach head. Thus—their venture failed.

Dr. Jones, with his family, came to Tyringham and established their home at the former Shaker settlement in 1874. For three or four summers their friends came to visit and enthuse over the beauties of the mountain side, the sunrise over the valley or the grandeur of the views. Then someone suggested, why not take in boarders to enjoy such a lovely spot? The good doctor fell for the idea. He must have a name for the place so he asked a visitor, Albert Hyde, (the *Mentholatum* originator) for suggestions. He had previously tried to think of some name that would include the word fern, which he mentioned to Mr. Hyde. There was an abundance of many varieties of ferns growing all about. Mr. Hyde meditated for a moment, then said, "Yes, you have ferns growing all over this mountain side. Why not call it 'Fernside'?"

Mrs. Jones' brother, George Gustin, an artist, planned and designed the interior decorations. All the rooms were papered in a delicate gray wallpaper with a green fern design. Kerosene lamps cast flickering shadows over rugs, darker green, overshot by a pale feathery fern. Walnut and haircloth, tall-back chairs and sofas, stands and an organ adorned the living room. Blinds and porches were added to the exterior.

Each Sunday morning, after breakfast, the family and guests gathered for an impressive church service. Often ministers of note, and guests, took part.

Fernside became a popular hostelry. Many notables were registered there during the 1880's. Among them were: Beecher Stowe; Mr. Finley, of the Lorillard Tobacco Co.; Lawyer Jenner of New York; Jeramia Everts Tracy of the Tracy, Choate, & Southmayde law firm; Mrs. Cooper, president of Cooper Union; Henry Harteau, president of Metropolitan Plate Glass Ins. Co.; Miss Corbett, sister of James J. Corbett; Emily Scott, aunt of John Scott; several artists of note and many others. Rabbi Raphael Benjamin came for several summers. He loved to explore the countryside and often walked to Lee and back. H. Calkins, Jr., connected with the Morgan Library of New York, when a guest, had an amateur photographer's studio in the abandoned store in the Paper Mill District. He was popular among the girls and many of the old pictures of the town were taken by him.

Dr. Jones took an active part in community affairs and was especially interested in a progressive library for the town. Mrs. Bacon, a Bostonian connected with library work, was a guest at Fernside. She, the doctor and Squire Hale held the meeting that started plans for a library building and obtained new books for the collection that then existed. Mr. Calkins helped select children's books.

After fifteen years with paying guests Dr. Jones sold the property to a group of wealthy New York men. Most of the North Family holdings were sold to John Canon, other parcels passed into new ownership. Now, summer residents or their employees occupy the whole west side of Tyringham valley, the most scenic in the town and some of Berkshire's best.

The group of New Yorkers who purchased the section that included the main buildings, the Church Family, organized the Tyringham Forest Club. A newspaper item reads, "The Club house and grounds look most attractive. Mr. Peters, the owner, has as his guest, Capt. J. W. Dillinback of the First Artillery". It was through Mr. and Mrs. Peters' influence, with the generosity of L. B. Moore, that the encampment of United States soldiers took place here in the summer of 1895. Mr. Moore gave Battery K the use of Willow Glen, across from Riverside, on Hop Brook, for their encampment. The Battery consisted of 10 guns, 65 horses and 75 men. The officers and their wives boarded at the Inn. Capt. Dillinback selected Beartown Mountain for a "long-range" firing ground.

A visitor recalled the scene at Willow Glen after the Battery had had four hours of rapid gait and hard drill on the Sweet meadows below. "Tents—tents everywhere—white against the green. The horses were picketed in line along the outer edge of camp, lazily switching their tails at the flies. Under a sprawling willow tree was the barber shop which consisted of a chair and a canvas bucket. By a fallen tree, the sadler pounded at a boot heel he was mending. On the bank of Hop Brook soldiers lay dozing in the shade; the cook was busy readying chow for dinner. From a tree over him, hung the bugle, ready to make the call to come and get it. It was a peaceful scene and a quiet time for men who had known the noise and hardships of war.

This was a gay summer indeed, for the little town of Tyringham. The townspeople welcomed the soldiers with open arms and honored them in ways only a small New England township knew how, in those "good old days" of the nineties. The many colorful dress parades, the campfire stories, the drills and a glimpse of real military camp life were the soldiers' reciprocative contributions. One red-letter day was the picnic held under the huge maples bordering the stone wall, across from J. W. Sweet's which is now the Perkins home. Fully 1200 people attended that picnic, coming from all the neighboring towns as well as the local citizenry. Scott Bradley Post from Lee, the Myron Nichols Post of Otis acted as escorts to Company K; The Stockbridge band and the Tyringham Drum Corps of eight pieces, constantly furnished music. The tables and platform were decorated with fruit and flowers; attractive young ladies, in white caps and aprons, eagerly waited

upon the guests—mingled with all were the soldiers in their bright uniforms. Several speakers reminisced of the Civil War, one praised the part taken by Capt. Dillinback and Battery K at Gettysburg. Capt. Weller of Pittsfield, with his wit, kept his listeners in stitches. He recalled how, one time, when the 49th was ordered to retreat, "they took steps 27 inches long and took them often; if the Mississippi River hadn't intervened they would have reached Pittsfield by supper time." Another story was of the Tyringham boy who, they discovered, had one arm an inch and a half longer than the other. They held a conference to learn the cause but decided that probably the boy used one arm more than the other in reaching for chickens.

Many times the roar and rumble of the long range cannon practice on Beartown, echoed across the quiet valley against East Mountain, like the War God, Mars, winging through the sky in his chariot. The sound tended to jolt the apathetic natives to a concept of the realities of war.

The climactic end of that lustrous summer came in the final drill of Company K on the Chadwick-Palmer meadows between Tyringham and Lee. It was a clear, warm, early September morning when thousands of people began drifting into the area from all over Berkshire County, even from New York State and Connecticut. From the hillside above the meadows, the early viewers could distinguish the lines of roads running out through the valleys, by the rising cloud of dust that overhung them. The old-style vehicles from the rural districts, hundreds of bicycles, straw rides from adjoining towns, the tallyho and fancy carriages from Lenox—all in the procession that wended its way toward the common destination.

The most impressive part of this amalgamated line of travel was the tallyho, as it rolled past the waiting crowd. The twin pairs of Hackneys, knees lifted to chin and back down, heads flaunted skyward, with only apologies for tails and with burnished sides and harnesses, pranced in front of the big rubber-tired-wheels. The Cockney coachman sat up front on his lofty box seat, dressed in silk top-hat, fancy waistcoat and white gloves. The bugler, or footman, elevated at the rear blew merry notes from his silver horn. Between sat the elite of Berkshire society. Beruffled, long-skirted, flimsy gowned women, escorted by men in Norfolk jackets and stiff straw hats, alighted. Immediately a bevy of fancy parasols canopied the vantage place reserved for them and hampers of food and drink emerged from the "boot" in the tallyho, as the party prepared for their lunch. From the hillside above, the "natives" gasped in awe at the symbol of Lenox "Four Hundred" life. What a sight to pass down Memory's Highway!

Equally as impressive but more inspiring was the maneuvering of the Battery. The sharp call of the bugle started the mad gallop of horses, the lash of whips, the rumble of wheels, back and forth across the field with military exactness. Then, at the signal to fire, the huge guns wheeled into line, the caissons rushed up beside them with ammunition. There was a puff of grey smoke and a red flash, followed by a deafening sound which the hillsides continually echoed in re-

sponse. To those who sat in comfort on the hillside, came thoughts of what the roar of real war would be like. None but a wizard, in that Gay-ninety period, could have foreseen the likes of the future World Wars' equipment and military science.

The evening before the Battery's departure, Willow Glen was ablaze from the light of a huge camp fire in honor of Tyringham. Much regret was expressed by both the members of Battery K and townsmen alike, that the time had come to part. Early Monday morning they were on the move, reaching Great Barrington in time for breakfast served by the women of the Congregational Church. Thanks to Mr. Peters of the Forest Club, Tyringham's gayest summer in history had passed.

Perhaps the quiet summers that followed, discouraged the Club for in three years all their personal effects changed hands at a sheriff's sale. The Real Estate was shortly sold to Attorney Robert S. Rudd who, with his family, had boarded at the Forest Club. Rudd started to stock the farm land and hired a resident manager. Once more Fernside was on its way to prosper—so it seemed. But Mr. Rudd's untimely death in 1903 brought a halt to such prospects and again the property was sold, this time to a man by the name of Dingwall from Mexico City. Rumors flew across the valley, like a flock of wild geese honking the arrival of spring, that the place was in for bigger times yet. However, Dingwall never showed up. To prevent undesirables from acquiring such an attractive slice of the town, three of the landed summer residents (Tyrus, Gilder, Hutton) bought the property. Augusto Viale moved in as General Manager.

Meanwhile the Rudd children, grown to maturity, continued to hold an affectionate spot in their hearts for the charm of that hillside. A second generation of the owners had also matured and somewhat complicated the ownership. An irresistible offer was presented to the Rudds which they accepted in 1929, becoming continuous owners to this writing.

CHAPTER XVI—A NEW ERA

As the old order ended, Tyringham entered into a new era in its history. The summer hostleries had brought a semblance of prosperity to this rather isolated village tucked between the hills, which whetted their taste for more and an easier life. It had opened their eyes to city ways and wiles. The 20th century entered with a deluge of summer-landed-proprietors. It came like a cloud of locusts from the cities. "Sell out" became the watchword. The first purchaser was Mrs. M. F. Hazen from New York, who came under the spell of the beauty of the hills and country life, while boarding at Riverside Farm. In 1889 she bought the North Family Shaker property, had several buildings removed, raised the roof and made alterations on the dairy house and named it Nakomis Lodge. She was more interested in Indian lore than Shaker lore.

As mentioned under Houses and Inhabitants, Editor Richard Watson Gilder was next to buy, then the Rudds. By 1900 the bug to sell was on the wing, flying swift and high. Indian Commissioner, the Hon. Francis E. Leupp, took the Johnson-Taylor farm on Webster Road. Then came Editor H. C. Fordham to Sodom in 1905. Ahead of him was the Egyptologist, Robb de P. Tytus who capped them all. He bought first, three farms at once, in the south end of town, later adding two more. He combined the Garfield, Duncan, Fenn, Beach and Clark farms. His plans were great as was his wealth, hoping to compete with the Lenox estates. He built large barns, stocked cattle and horses, preparatory to operate on a large scale. Lenox society overflowed into Tyringham, their famous hunt took place here. He was the first in town to own an automobile where a chauffeur was employed. As a climax, he built a mansion on the mountain at the head of the valley, with a view stretching to Lenox and beyond, and called it Ashintully, meaning "The Shoulder of the Mountain". The natives were elated at all this, times were booming and Tyringham was on the map! And then—was the old town doomed—Tytus died a young man. Since then, the estate has been divided with more summer-landed-owners. The mansion burned in 1952. The Fenn and Clark farms are owned by John McLennon who occupies the Daniel Clark house the year around.

Mrs. E. B. Andrews from Newport, while staying at Riverside, bought the Cyrus Heath farm in Jerusalem in 1904. About this time Attorney George Tiffany of Brooklyn took possession of the Sweet-Duffy farm on Webster Road. In 1906 John Hutton, connected with the F. Shriver & Co., brass and iron founders of New York, moved into his new house back of Shaker Pond, located on the once Curtin farm land. During the ten years that followed the remaining hillside farm properties were sold to city folk and more recently, several village homes have gone the same way.

There are now five active farms in town; three descendants of early settlers are still farming: Charles Slater on the Slater farm in the south end; the Hale Brothers on their two farms, one at each end of town; Ward McCarthy who owns and operates the former I. B. Tinker farm. Mrs. William Gelsleichter has reclaimed the Clark-Johnson farm in the south part of town. She has successfully built a flock of cross-bred sheep that produce healthy, husky lambs for market. In Jerusalem Mrs. Sidney Howard operates the old Cyrus Heath farm. She employs a superintendent, Richard Birkett, and her Jersey herd is well known throughout Berkshire County.

Out of approximately eighty dwelling houses in town, half are occupied in summers only. Much over half of the land is owned by summer residents and mostly idle. The rejuvenated forests and entanglements of those earliest days steadily advance, like a creeping paralysis, toward the village. Cobble Mountain, once a bare projection against the sky, a historic landmark, is becoming just another wooded mountain. Gradually the mountain streams are turning to dry, rock-filled gullies. Hop Brook, with its three mill ponds, deep enough and

clean enough for swimming and boating in summer and ice skating in winter, has become a lazy, shallow stream—stagnant in summer. All this echoes the controversial question, is a purely small resort community a healthy situation?

At the beginning of this era a few natives protested, saying that the summer-landed-resident would ruin this town. Town meetings were hot over the subject. One man prophesied, "Sell all your land to city folks and you'll be eating rabbits from your own door-yard". But the majority, in favor, ruled and Tyringham became a summer resort. What would the town have been like today had it not turned to such?

Like most of these rural communities, our small crafts and industries disappeared when machines took the place of tools and mass production moved to the railroad and cities. The development of transportation brought farm goods from the prairies to retail for less than the local farmer could produce. Berkshire County had no expanding cities to call for suburbia.

There was a strong prospect in 1889 of a railroad passing through Fernside and West Otis to Connecticut. But the project died in its birthing. Had this succeeded what would the future have been? Industry might have come into its own—who knows? Then would the pastoral charm of this valley, of which Gilder sung, remained? Even now the Federal Government has its plans for a super highway along the edge of East Mountain, What will that bring? But it too, is vulnerable to change. Thus the Hinterlands must yield to the ebbing of the tide and march with the Parade of Time.

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LEE LINE

Old Home
of James Gardner

MAP of MAIN ROAD

TYRINGHAM

1864

Plan from old letter

& Map-

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J.M. Northrup
Breakneck Rd.

James Gardner

Widow Dorman

Buel Betts

ROAD TO LEE

E. Cone Farm

John Hale

School

Widow Sally Cone

Hop Brook

John A. Sweet

G. Cannon Rd.

John Sweet

H. Howland

WEBSTER Rd.

Asa Judd
(Riverside Farm)

